Saturday Review

August 8, 1964 25¢

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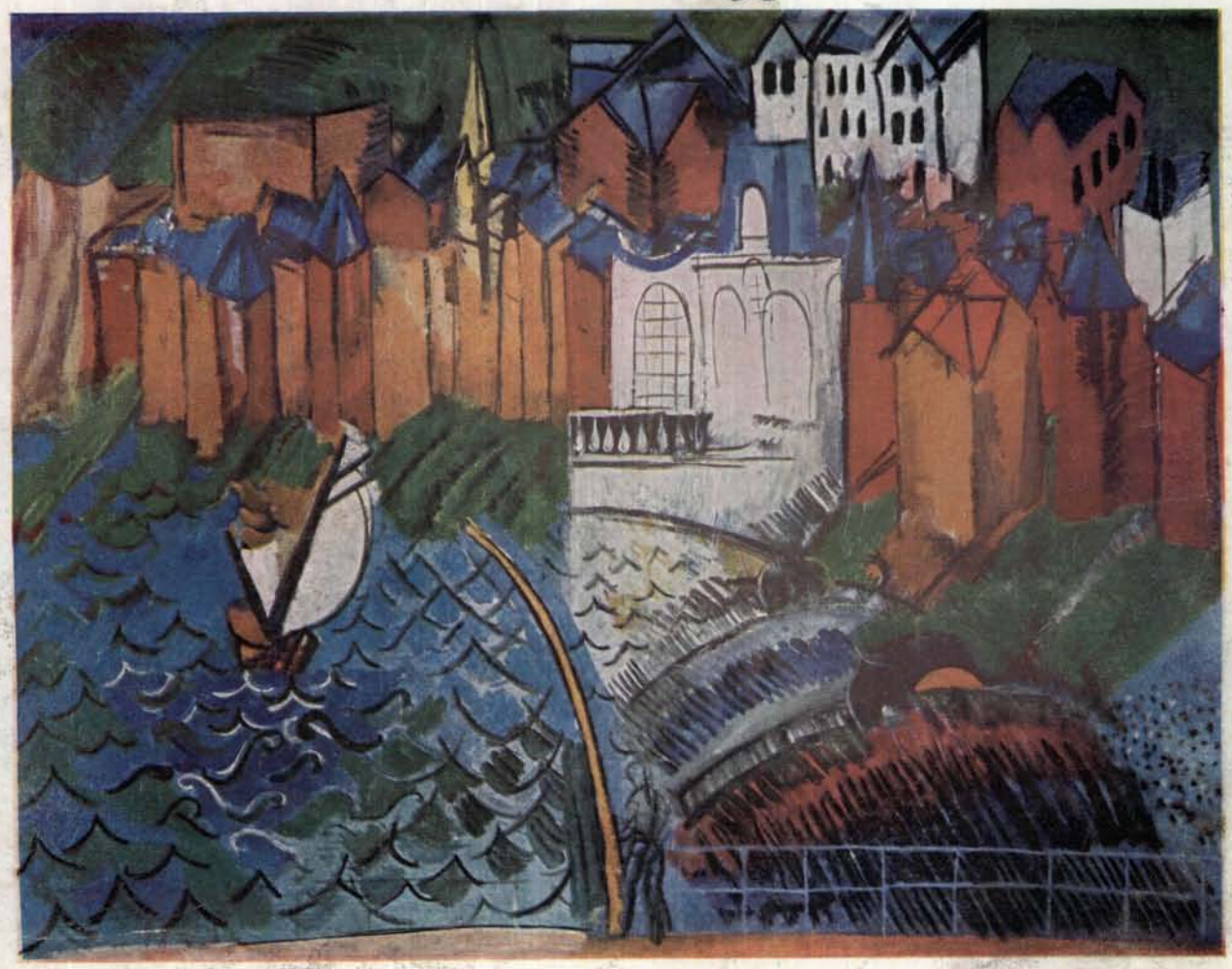

"Sailboat at Sainte-Adresse," by Raoul Dufy (See Booked for Travel)

BOOKS WITH AN INTERNATIONAL ACCENT

By Curtis G. Benjamin

THE EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE

By Robert J. Clements

SR37891? 418-469X
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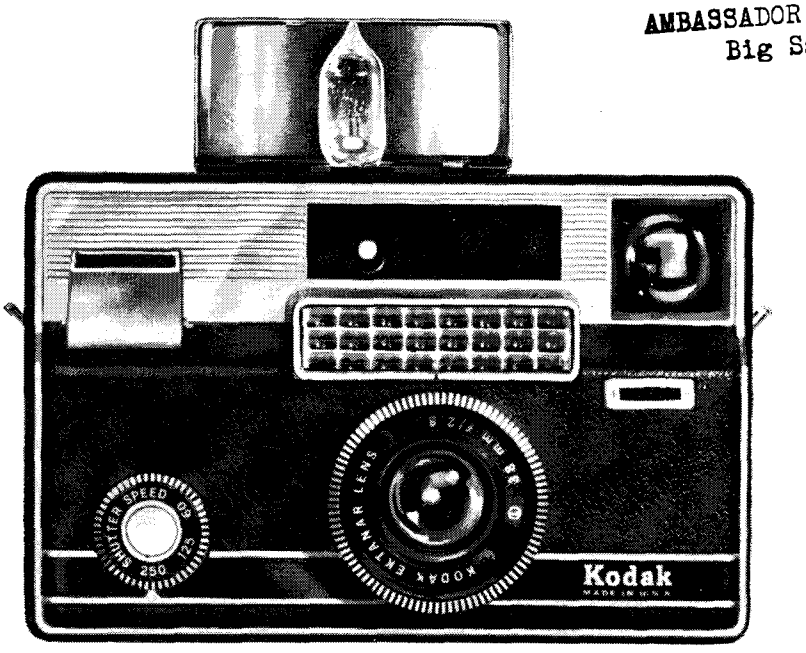

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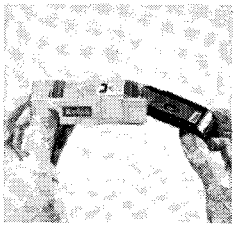

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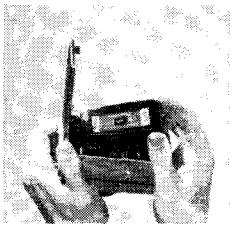

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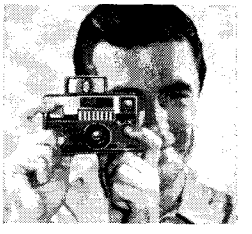

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Saturday Review

August 8, 1964

Cover painting by Raoul Dufy. *Sailboat at Sainte-Adresse* (1912). Oil on canvas, 34⅞" x 45⅝". Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Rubel; Collection, Museum of Modern Art.

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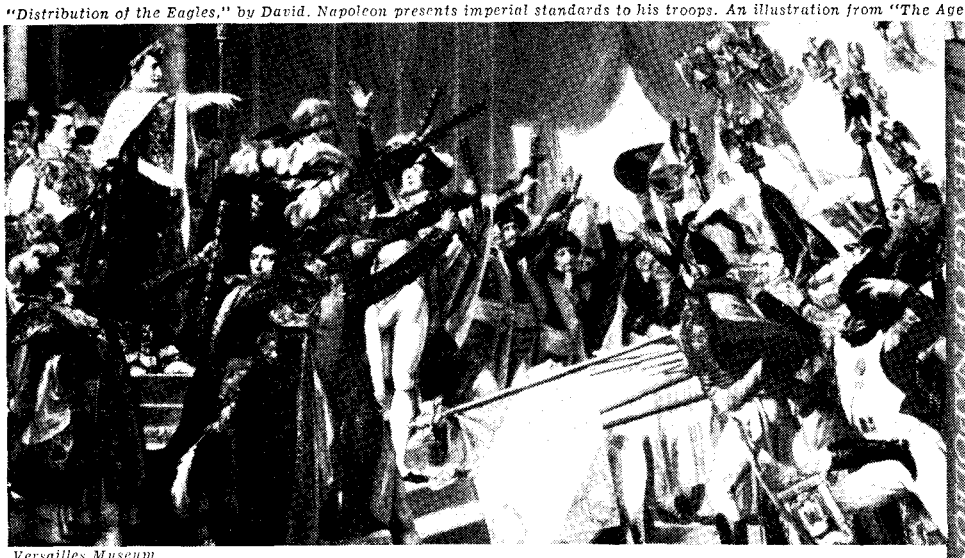
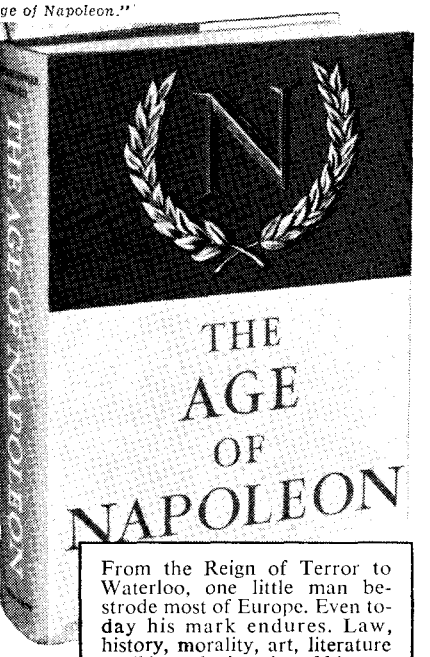
"Distribution of the Eagles," by David. Napoleon presents imperial standards to his troops. An illustration from "The Age of Napoleon."



Versailles Museum



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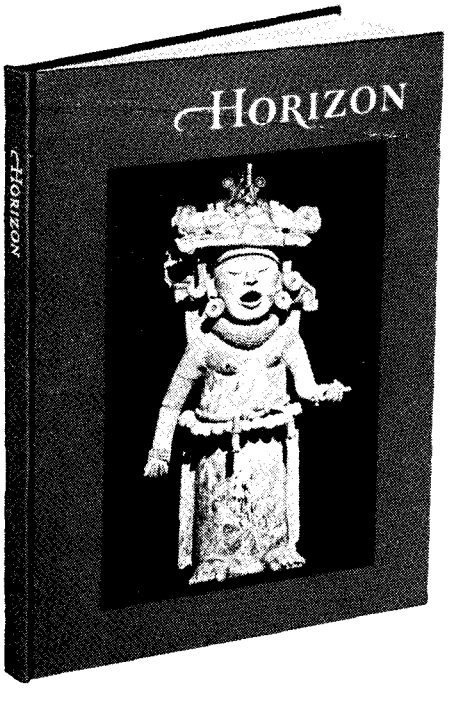

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It is a quarterly, produced by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc. In its generous size (9¼" by 12¼"), in the fine papers and color printing of its 120 or so pages, HORIZON resembles the handsomest art books. But it is much more.

HORIZON invites your interest in the ideas and philosophies of man; in his history – from caves to castles; in his plays and conceits; in his rare flames of genius: a figure, a canvas, an insight, a book. . . .

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What's In It?

Take the Summer 1964 issue: its features range from Cleveland Amory's awed profile of that great trencherman, Diamond Jim Brady, to Edmund Stillman's reflective walk through the streets of Sarajevo fifty years after Franz Ferdinand's assassination (a seven-page picture portfolio accompanies Stillman's article).

In between, a distinguished English visitor, Mervyn Jones, tastes Red China's sweet-and-sour blend of Marxism, modern science, and ancient tradition. J. Christopher Herold explores the brilliant, neurotic, prophetic mind of Jean Jacques Rousseau. C. V. Wedgwood vividly recounts the execution of King Charles I.

Compton Mackenzie takes a personal and partisan view of Charles Dickens. It's the latest in HORIZON's series on great English novelists; we predict you'll react strongly to it one way or another. And there's a lively and well-documented attack on the city-choking cult of the automobile by Victor Gruen.

As in every HORIZON, there's much to see. John Canaday's documentation of the genius of Albrecht Dürer is accompanied by 22 Dürer reproductions, many in color. There's a 21-page adventure in pre-Columbian archaeology, richly illustrated with treasures from the lost civilizations of Central and South America. All in all, there are 100 or so illustrations.

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Edited by Martin Levin

Donne Redone

Ask not for whom the bells toll.
Don't get yourself in a stew.
As long as you can hear the clang,
Relax; they're not for you.

—Joseph Paul Tierney.

Viva Ulisse!

ON June 16, 1904, a day we have come to call Bloomsday because it is the day of the action of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, we enter with Mr. Leopold Bloom the licensed premises of Davy Byrne in Duke Street, Dublin, and there we observe how Mr. Byrne "smiled-yawnednodded all in one."

The smile and the nod are soundless but the yawn is audible:

"Iiiiichaaaaaaach!"

In the Italian translation of *Ulysses* that I have been reading, Davy Byrne "*annuisorrisesbadiglio tutto in una volta*," which is to say he "noddedsmiled-yawned all at one time," but the sound is quite different:

"*Iaaaaaaaaah!*"

I think Joyce is better than his translators; first, six *i's* as the mouth opens, then the slight catch of the *ch* followed by the sustained luxury of the seven *a's* and the final expiring click. The Italian "*Iaaaaaaaaah!*" is too bland for my taste. I have a suspicion the translators were unfamiliar with an Irish smileyawnnod and even with the value of the separate parts. At any rate, they changed "smiled-yawnednodded" to "noddedsmiledyawned" for no reason that I find acceptable.

It cannot be that the translators were lazy or suffered from an impoverishment of the imagination. Could it be mere Italian politeness: Davy Byrne nods, smiles, yawns? I doubt it. The clue, of course, may lie in the emphasis one of his customers, Nosey Flynn, has put on his statement that the Masons bar women from membership. As a good publican, Mr. Byrne smiles agreeably but he is plainly bored and yawns, and at the same time he nods out of the necessity of being courteous.

The Italians, it strikes me, were too quick to have him nod first and smile at the obvious (that anyone should even consider women as candidates for Masonic membership) and then yawn just in time to catch up with the nod and the smile. This may explain why the yawn is shorter than the true Irish yawn. It has no vigor. It is the yawn of a tired Roman who is thinking of his siesta, not the magnificent yawn of a hearty man engaged in a busy midday trade.

I'm not completely satisfied with these conclusions because I note elsewhere in *Ulisse* the same soft tendency. It crops up early in the book when Stephen Dedalus, Buck Mulligan, and the Englishman Haines are walking toward the Forty Foot Bathing Place at Sandycove. Dedalus is trailing his ashplant walking stick and fancies it calling "Steeeeeeeeeeephen." Was this too strident for Italian ears? Why did they allow the stick only eight e's to call "*Steeeeeeeeephen*" instead of the generous Irish ten? "Steeeeeeeeeeephen," come to think of it, *is* shriller than "*Steeeeeeeeephen.*"

On the other hand, where Joyce wrote "Tara: bom, bom bom," which is fairly quiet,the Italians turned it into "*Tara: bum, bum bum,*" which is loud when we realize the Italian *u* has the sound of double-o—boom, boom, boom.

The Italian yawn may be inferior to the Irish yawn but Italian enthusiasm matches the Irish. I am thinking of the third paragraph of the scene in the Lying-In Hospital: "Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa! Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa! Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa!

Much as I admire Joyce I think I prefer the Italian: "*Op-lá, maschietto, op-lá! Op-lá, maschietto, op-lá! Op-lá, mascietto, op-lá!*"

—John Ferris.

You Can Bank on It

HAVE you ever noticed how letters turning you down for one thing or another take on a very special kind of impersonality?

For example, you apply for a small loan to the bank that up to then has been dying to be your friend—the one that fills your mailbox with endless protestations of their accessibility geographically (two convenient locations right on your block), round-the-clock hours ("We almost never close except between 2 and 3 A.M. to freshen up the money"), and, above all, their earnest, deep-down desire to help.

Within a day or so the reply comes. No more orange and blue envelope sporting the cartoon of the cherubic little man pointing to you and saying, "Hi there!" No effusive invitation to drop down to their office to look in on the art show. Just a plain white envelope carrying a single white sheet of paper, engraved.

But be not altogether dismayed. It is clear from the letter that though "your application cannot be expedited" (under no circumstances will you get a red cent), it is not because of *you*. It is "your application" that does not meet "the standards set up by the bank in conformance with the by-laws of the State Banking Commission. . . ." Notice also that the signer of the letter has nothing to do with it either. His is "the heartfelt regret" expressed to you that begins the letter. From there on he is gone. "They" is the villain.

In other areas, the villain may be Constricted Budget, or Stringent Requirements, who often keep Tight Controls as a henchman. Some organizations kowtow to Depleted Allowances and others to a more transient tyrant, Temporary Re-evaluation. In less imaginative organizations it is "the company," "the fund," or "the school" that "cannot allow," "does not permit," or "finds unacceptable."

On the other hand, have you ever received a letter sending you money or approving a request? What a difference! Gone are the budget, the anonymous committees, the Olympian regulations. The letter may still come on engraved stationery, but now there is a note of gay camaraderie, the "we're all in it together" tone.

The remittance may be of an overpayment on your gas bill due you since 1940, but the letter writer wants you to know that this largesse comes to you not just from the company, but that he, Max or Sam Smith, has gone to bat for you and won, and now takes personal pride and pleasure in sending you the $2.47.

As my grandmother, a great quoter of old Russian proverbs, would say, "The church is far and the road is covered with ice; the tavern is farther, but I shall go carefully." In other words, it matters not how strait the gate but on which side of the samovar you sit.

—Herbert J. Teison.

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A Message from the People of the Federal Republic of Germany to the People of the United States of America

The principle of development aid which he gave us must be advanced

It is now acknowledged that the Marshall Plan, which rebuilt Europe, was also the forerunner of today's Atlantic partnership, and of the whole concept of self-help and mutual aid which has been generally accepted in the West. The people of Germany saw what Marshall aid did for them; they decided as early as 1950 to start their own aid program for the developing nations.

German Aid Goes to 83 Countries – Worldwide

By the end of 1963, Germany had allocated about 23 billion D-marks (almost 6 billion dollars U.S.) for development aid purposes. Of this, 12.8 billion D-marks came from public funds, 10.06 billion D-marks from private sources—as computed by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD). Most of it went into many forms of direct and indirect capital aid; technical assistance; industrial development and trade promotion.

German aid is both bilateral and multilateral. When contributing through international or supra-national organizations, the Federal Republic of Germany cedes the right of distributing such funds to the groups concerned. Germany has no areas of special interest; within the limitations of the aid available, grants are made wherever progress seems to be most likely.

Germany is Doing Its Share – AND MORE

The commitment of the Federal Republic of Germany to the basic principle first exemplified by the Marshall Plan is shown by the record. In the future as in the past, we shall do our best to match our aid program to the needs of the emerging nations. In such action, we believe, lies our best hope for the future of freedom.

Ministry for Economic Cooperation FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

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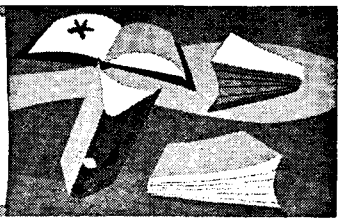
Trade Winds



During the recent convention in San Francisco, we waited in vain for the time-honored expression "smoke-filled rooms." But not once, so far as we know, did it sound on television or appear in the press. This could mean either that all the

politicians have given up smoking or that the reporters who went into the smoke-filled rooms came out gasping for breath and couldn't get the information across. Maybe, by the 1968 conventions, commentators will be reporting that conferences are being held in anti-nicotine-lozenge-filled rooms, but somehow it doesn't have the same ring.

Four years ago NBC's David Brinkley noted that we were observing the first convention of the space age—where a candidate could promise the moon and mean it. But in the convention of a few weeks ago, the promises weren't as obvious as the hedging.

For example, one report—though of doubtful reliability—has it that a politician was asked what his favorite color was, and he quickly replied: "Plaid." Another was asked: "Are you for Goldwater or for Scranton?" His answer: "I am."

We can look forward to a surge of political jokes. Bennett Cerf has a favorite story about a Democratic Senator who worked out an unbeatable way of getting votes for his party. He made it a point to avoid tipping every barber, bellhop, and waiter he ran into, and then told them: "Be sure to vote Republican!"

John F. Parker recalls a lot of interesting political potpourri in his book *If Elected I Promise . . .*, a Doubleday offering. One of his favorites has to do with the gentle art of hedging. When a reporter approached Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., to ask his opinion on a certain bill, the Massachusetts Senator replied: "Well, some say this and some say that, but what I have to say on the subject is that there's no knowing and no telling, and mark my words, son, I'm right."

Another story concerns a Congressman's wife who sat up in bed and whispered to her husband: "I think there are robbers in the house." The Congressman woke up just enough to mutter: "Impossible. In the Senate, yes. But in the House, never!"

Some political comments are not at all kind. Take, for example, Elbert Hubbard's remark: "A conservative is a man who is too cowardly to fight and too fat to run." Or Gregory Nunn's, as recorded by Gerald Lieberman in his book *The Greatest Laughs of All Time*, "A conservative is a man who wants the rules enforced so no one can make a pile the way he made it." And one reporter, just returned from the San Francisco convention, told us: "Well, I'll try to describe what the convention was like. It was sort of like the Munich *putsch*—only the beer wasn't as good."

While the conventions are occupying stage center, you will be relieved to know that the White House is continuing its economy drive. While working on her book *The Kennedy Years and the Negro*, Doris Saunders chatted frequently by phone with Andy Hatcher, assistant press secretary at the White House. When she put in a call not long ago, the White House operator told her: "Im sorry, Mr. Hatcher is out right now, but can he call you this afternoon *collect*?"

The economy drive even extends to the food department. Another unreliable report has it that Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz ordered a skimpy lunch, consisting of one liverwurst sandwich, to cut down on the budget. We have no proof whatever that his secretary commented: "Well, it looks as if Wirtz has come to wurst."

Some of the White House staff are economizing so much that they're picking up a can of soup at the supermarket as their entire lunch. Allan Kalmus says he saw two members eyeing a shelf and trying to decide between Campbell's and Heinz. "Well," said one, "just remember that Heinz-sight is better than foresight."

Another tried to scrounge a free meal at the British Embassy but was turned down because he wasn't a member of the staff. According to Joyce Cohen, he remarked as he walked out: "I guess Britain won't waive the rules."

With the new Republican candidate now chosen, a good many Goldwater gags are being dusted off and recirculated, not the least of which is the description of him as "the most advanced mind of the fourteenth century."

Others include the story of what the new candidate replied when asked what he would do if America were attacked. "That's simple," the reply goes. "I put all the covered wagons in a circle and hand out the muskets." Another has it that the candidate is so intent on going back to the "good old days" that he plans to relocate in a Goldwater flat.

As might be expected, a few new publications have come along to poke fun at the whole picture. None of them have yet attained the simple power of Mark Twain's comment: "Reader, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself." But their aim is bound to get sharper.

One of the new publications is a loose-leaf kit entitled *Republican Physical Fitness Manual*. It's created by Paul Pease, who is the author of the original Tom Swifties. It is illustrated delightfully and impishly by Bill Bates. Under a picture of Goldwater is the caption: "Immediately on arising stand erect with arms extended. Then lean as far right as possible. Repeat this old-fashioned exercise whenever possible. However, when in the woods, do not lean on a birch."

Under a picture of Nixon doing a kneebend is the caption: "Whenever you find yourself in a draft, stand aloof, but in a conspicuous place. As soon as everyone notices how aloof you are, open a window, sink to your knees, and wait for a draft." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1582)

(ETHEL) JACOBSON:
SALUTE TO PAPERBACKS

(From Chicago *Tribune*, 10-8-63; suggested by Bess Birdsall)

All my contemporaries write
On sprightly themes or erudite,
And almost before they type "Page One"—
I'm not quite sure just how it's done—
The stuff's in print! I can relax
And read it in the paperbacks:
They beckon me from glittering stacks.

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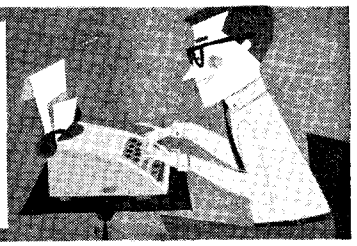
Top of My Head



Politics Makes Strange Twin Bedfellows

OVEREXPOSURE to the Republican primaries and more recently to the convention has made Huntley-Brinkleys of us all. Of course I've been an armchair political scientist for many years, having picked up my expertise at the feet of Raymond Gram Swing, Gabriel Heatter, Quincy Howe, and the rest of those kids who were so popular back in the days when it took only one commentator to comment by himself. Nowadays it takes two to tangle.

As Walter Cronkite has his Eric Sevareid, as Edward P. Morgan has his Howard K. Smith, just so do I cover politics in our living room. I'm Huntley. My wife is Brinkley. And during the whole week of the convention my Brinkley had one long complaint—"Where's *Dr. Kildare*?" . . . "What happened to Dick Van Dyke?". . . "No *Nurses* tonight?". . . and so on.

It was difficult to keep my Brinkley attuned to the momentous events of the convention. Mostly because they weren't too momentous. Both the Republican and the Democratic conventions will go down as the two most predictable television spectaculars of the season. One night our conversation went like this:

HUNTLEY: I don't get it. Everyone knows who is going to be nominated. Why didn't they just turn these conventions into a basketball game and dance?

BRINKLEY: I miss Patty Duke.

When General Eisenhower appeared one night to announce he was satisfied with the platform and that Goldwater would run on it, he declared, "I do not see how he can go far wrong."

HUNTLEY: How about that! Now there's a historic statement. That will probably go down in history with "I do not choose to run," "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and "I know it's a one way street, officer, but I was only going one way."

BRINKLEY: There's a re-run of *Car 54* on one of the stations, it says in *TV Guide*.

To flag our sagging spirits they did intersperse a few tidy little news items not pertaining to the convention. There was, of course, news from Mississippi, and it prompted an exchange something like this:

HUNTLEY: You know, one of the fringe benefits of this civil rights fight is that everybody will at least have learned how to spell Mississippi.

BRINKLEY: I haven't been this frustrated since that TV man took our set to the shop.

Then there was the announcement that the Robert E. Lee hotel in Jackson, Mississippi, had closed its doors rather than bow to the civil rights bill.

HUNTLEY: Well, I guess history has a way of leveling off its heroes. The Robert E. Lee hotel in Jackson will now be as silent as the Ulysses S. Grant tomb in New York.

BRINKLEY: If this is what they're going to have on television all week we can go to the fair one night.

General Eisenhower was back. This time he deprecated the newspapers and their writers.

HUNTLEY: I always suspected that Walter Lippmann was a card-carrying columnist.

BRINKLEY: Will they show this week's operation next week on *Dr. Casey*, or will they skip one operation?

Then there was the night they announced that an arrest was made of a woman who appeared on a beach in New Jersey wearing one of those topless bathing suits.

HUNTLEY: Well, here they are blowing their tops at conventions while women are blowing their tops on the beaches.

They described the woman as being a blonde, between eighteen and twenty.

HUNTLEY: Woman! They're kidding. With those figures she must have been a mere child.

BRINKLEY: Don't you get tired of looking at all those old people? Let's look at somebody young. Let's watch the *Late, Late Show*.

They were interviewing some women whom the interviewer said were all ready to vote for Barry.

HUNTLEY: And for Empress Eugénie hats.

BRINKLEY: Won't they even show the weather?

Senator Goldwater spoke of violence in our streets and told of the New York girl who had been accosted by a man with intent to rape. She had drawn a knife from her bag and stabbed him. The police charged her with violation of the Sullivan Act.

HUNTLEY: Well, with her it was a question whether the Sullivan Act would be violated or she would be.

BRINKLEY: Would you like another beer, dear?

—GOODMAN ACE.

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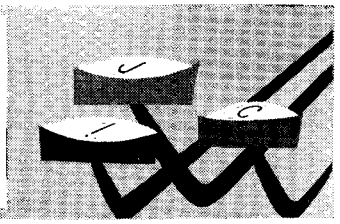
Manner of Speaking



Games: My recent lecture tour left me a good goat's leap ahead of the tax collector but several bad months behind my accumulated mail, and I now begin to realize that in my hurry to get through it I misled Mr. R. Hugh Ulmann, who wrote me from Kansas City to quote a friend of his as saying, "The status quo is just about the same," and to ask if I could identify that statement as a figure of speech. Without thinking much about it I dictated something to the effect that it might be an Irish Bull and flipped over to the next letter.

For some reason, however, it stuck in my mind after the letter had been mailed and second thought told me that I was, of course, wrong. It might have qualified as an Irish Bull had my correspondent's friend said, "The trouble with the status quo is that it is always changing." As quoted, however, it is a simple tautology, and I hereby file my correction and apology.

By error and retraction, in any case, I found I had the Irish Bull on my mind without being entirely sure I had the beast identified. The only one I could recall with any assurance ran, "The weather in Dublin is so inclement that most of the inhabitants live elsewhere."

And there it is, but what is it? "An Irish Bull," I tried saying to myself, "is a statement whose meaning makes no sense whatever." I think that turns out to be another Irish Bull, but it hardly does as a definition. "An Irish Bull," I tried again, "is a smoothly paved highway of meaning that no one can drive on because of the subsurface bumps." I guess that turns out to be another one, but it obviously tries too hard, and it still misses the essence.

The essence of it is contradiction. Off the cuff, an Irish Bull seems to be a plausible and perhaps even weighty statement that turns out, on second thought, to be absurd.

With that, I thought I had it, and was gratified on turning to Webster's unabridged to find that the sons of Noah and I were substantially in accord:

> A grotesque blunder in language;—now usually applied to expressions containing apparent congruity, but real incongruity, of ideas.

In which I was cheered to find that Webster's definition seemed at least as labored as my figure about the highway of meaning. And to which, I was gratified to find, Webster's had added a fine example of the species:

> He remarked in all seriousness that it was hereditary in his family to have no children.

So to the commuter train and a Pennsylvania week of trying to make up Irish Bulls. (A Pennsylvania week, let me explain, consists of ten hours of riding back and forth on the Pennsylvania Railroad, one hour each morning and one each night for five days running.) My first, I am afraid, was my best, and it was an outright gift of the Pennsy's management. "The conductor," I noted, "is so ugly that he would look better if he were invisible."

Thereafter, in slow but inevitably descending progression, I came up with the following jottings:

If automobiles get to going any faster you won't be able to move in the traffic jam that will result.

It is only natural for some girls to be artificial.

When you take a real look at this plethora of modern art you will begin to understand why no one wants to paint that way.

Some people are so rich they impoverish one another by comparison.

Time ages all but the very young.

From a single girl's point of view the best thing about bachelors is that most of them are not married.

Secaucus used to smell so bad that even the odors wouldn't stay there.

It gets so dark in those woods that you can't see a light before your eyes.

His club is so snobbish that it turns down applicants just for not being members.

Switzerland has carried internationalism to the point at which practically all of its citizens are foreigners.

Price resistance is when all your customers do their buying in another store.

The defendant shouldered the entire guilt, testifying that his accomplices had not been involved.

The train schedule to Metuchen considered, it is small wonder that our New York guests never come to see us.

One look at the rush-hour jam in the subway and you know why no one rides it any more.

During a depression everybody is unemployed because all the jobs are already taken.

The only thing that makes his poetry so popular is that no one can read it.

Despite the fact that no one understands his ideas, they have had a tremendous influence on contemporary thinking.

And let that be enough of that. I do these things only to amuse myself when there is no diversion available. On the Pennsylvania Railroad you have nothing to do anyhow—in whatever form it happens to take. A man could look out at the view, but in New Jersey there is never much of it in sight. Or he could strike up a conversation with the man sitting beside him, except that he has always just left the train at the last stop. Or he could read the newspaper, except that it is hard to unfold because someone has always just gotten on and taken his seatmate's place. It leaves a man hard put for nothing to do.

Heaven knows where it leaves the reader. But no harm done. Anyone who has concluded that this column is silly can always skip it this week.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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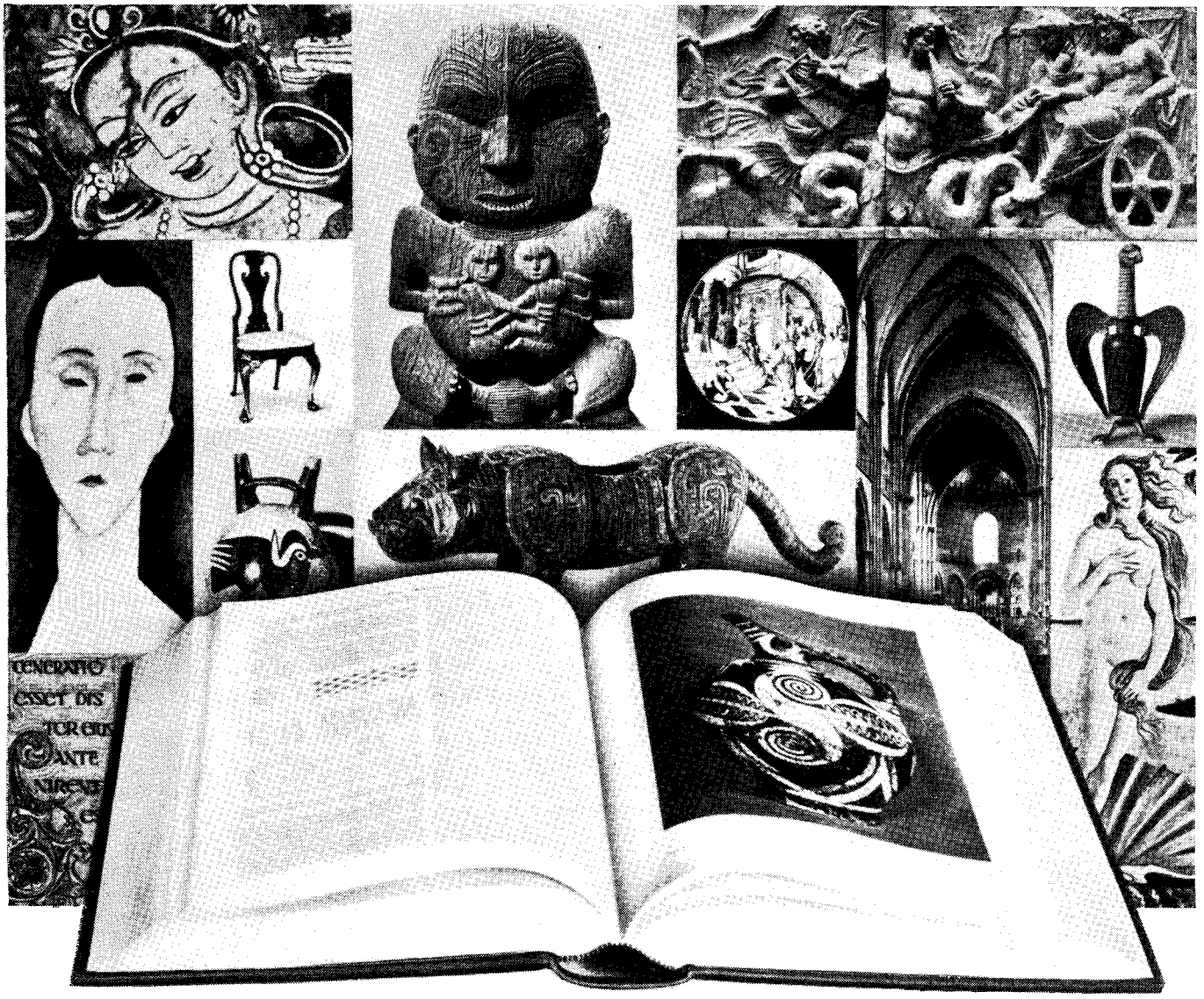

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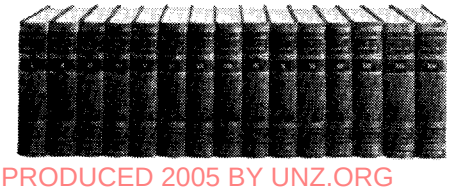

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HOW TO IDENTIFY A POET

The writer of poems is, at his best, different from anyone else; his challenge is to guard the differences

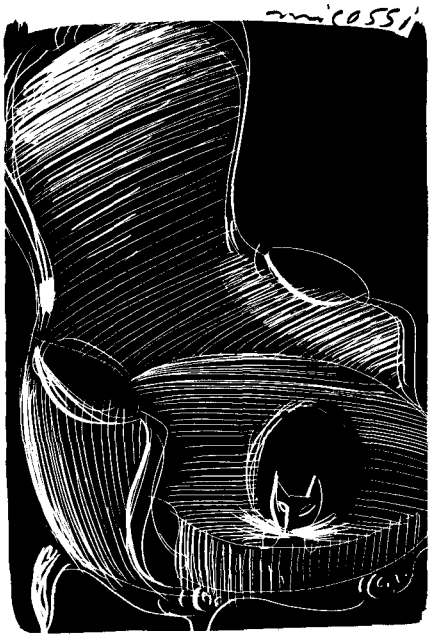
By STEPHEN SPENDER

BEFORE the epoch ushered in by *The Waste Land* and Eliot's and Pound's criticism, people paid much attention to whether a writer showed in his work that he was a poet, and perhaps too little to the poetry itself, except where it provided evidence that the writer was or wasn't a poet. Today, as a result of our living in what is called an age of criticism, every attention is paid to the work itself: the question of whether or not the writer is a poet is scarcely discussed. The justification for the current attitude is of course that what isn't demonstrated by the work can't be adduced as evidence outside it. This is obviously true, and a stringent critical examination of the work is a better attitude than the rather sloppy one that pervaded the editing of volumes of, say, *Georgian Poetry* early in this century, when there seem to have been more tweedy, carousing, dreamy poetic personalities than there were examinable poems.

All the same, the vocabulary I am here using suggests another kind of danger: that what is hard work and seems to provide answers set by critical examiners and is ingenious enough not to be faulted by current poetic standards is accepted as poetry, the image of the poet having, as it were, been eliminated from the idea of the poem. Today no one would dream of making irrelevant objections such as "This seems clever, but is he a poet?" or "My critical judgment forces me to admit these lines are good, but will I remember them ten days from now?" or "These lines have magic." It has become almost meaningless to suggest that to write poetry one has to be a poet.

I think it may be illuminating to try to recall what used to be meant by "being a poet." I can only do this autobiographically, by drawing on memories, impressions, convictions I grew up with. The strong sense that there was something mysterious about being a poet seems to me to have been an intuition, but doubtless it was something that I imbibed from the conversation of grown-ups in the post-Victorian atmosphere of my Georgian childhood.

Almost as long as I can remember I had a clear but romantic idea of poets. They were ridiculed and generally despised. Yet they smiled to themselves with the sense of superiority of those who accept their inferiority and who know that others only seem superior in order to conceal from themselves their own inferiority. Everyone except poets, I thought, seemed engaged in predetermined external activity in which the person was required to think like, feel like, and look like the occupation. People talked of becoming something, by which they meant, it seemed, ceasing to be someone. A businessman buying and selling was part of a preordained system of selling and buying which, when he had ceased to be a child and therefore a person, conscripted his uniqueness and made his inside being part of its outsideness. Poets seemed those who—the very opposite of everyone who became something, and unlike those who simply refused to become anything – became themselves and produced work that was the willing measure of the qualities of their own being.



I perceived that the people who challenged the poets were not those who allowed their lives to become part of an external structure of things and arrangements, but the inquirers, the savants, the scientists, the scholars, and the religious. They inquired, they criticized, they tried to understand, they did not just allow their existences to become rungs on a ladder upon which systems and institutions and economic forces climbed from the abyss of the past into the progressive future. They discovered what was previously unknown, made inventions that might transform the conditions of living and thinking and change human nature. I suspected (and feared, too) that if the poet's inferiority expressed a kind of consciousness that undermined the superiority of those who "became something," there might also be an analytic scientific knowledge that undermined—by explaining it as predetermined – the poetic consciousness.

All the same, I suspected that the kind of person the scientist and scholar became was largely determined by the objects of his inquiry that were a part of the whole of science and therefore external to him. A scholar's personality is a thesis demonstrated by his own the-

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sis. Only poets had to work entirely within the limits of their own sensibility and, beyond sensibility, within the more mysterious limits (one had to read the poetry to discover these) of their sensuous and spiritual natures. Poets chose, they were not chosen by, their subjects. Thus it might be just as important for a poet to refuse the knowledge that he could not imagine as to acquire that which he could. Science and philosophy moved along lines laid down by their pasts. Poetry, although having its own logic, preserved an invisibility of the spirit that moveth where it listeth. This element of invisibility was the presence of the poet within the poem.

At the same time there was not a complete split between man-become-something-external-to-himself and poet-become himself. Poetry was communicable—to those who responded to language—because something in man-become-external-to-himself remained himself: the external was to a greater or lesser degree façade. The poetry conveyed the poet's qualitative uniqueness to the person who remained unique behind the façade, which had been imposed on him by the world.

At a very early age I was fascinated by the idea of nature and of being a naturalist. My image of a naturalist was of a poet like Whitman, someone with a long white beard whom I visualized spending his life *inside* nature like a caterpillar inside a cabbage. I thought of Darwin sitting in a field half hidden under corn or bracken, absorbed into the sounds of growth like the crunch of the jaws of those caterpillars—pussy moth, hawk moth, silkworm—which I kept. My image of the naturalist was the poet.

Later on this image of Darwin was replaced by that of Wordsworth, primarily because I had heard he was a "nature poet." He lived in the Lake District of mountains with names like Skidaw and Catsbells, lakes called Derwentwater and Ullswater. He was totally absorbed into the grass of mountainsides, the larch woods with bushes of wild raspberry and thorn dripping after the sharp rainstorms of that part of the country. Each raindrop on a serrated bramble leaf seemed a lens that enclosed a view of the blue and white weather. Wordsworth (as he existed in my mind) watched the sheep, the slate roofs, the walls of unequal-sized stones, the crystalization in hollows of boulders of encrusting quartz, and the stars at night lidding the tops of mountains. These impressions poured through his senses, and emerged drop by drop, word by word, from his tongue and through the tips of his fingers.

It was Wordsworth who gave me the idea of the poet as holy, pious. After this the image of the poet seems lost for a few years, and then with adolescence came the romantics. By them, I mean not the generation of Wordsworth and Coleridge, but the later one of Byron, Keats, and Shelley. What these younger men had in common with Wordsworth was the transparently obvious and advertised connection of their work with their lives. But Wordsworth chose out

a special piece of English landscape—which had powerful childhood associations for him—in order that the countryside reminding him of his childhood connection with them might act upon him and produce his poetry. Byron and Shelley led emotionally driven lives, and the poetry that resulted justified the intensity of feeling and the aberration of behavior. The romantics were the self-induced victims of storms, passions, incests, hallucinations, forces that seemed to choose them out but were ultimately themselves—all justified by the poetry that emerged in streams as from a gusher. Being their feelings was writing their romantic poetry. I felt entirely sympathetic to the romantics, yet I also felt that I would never have the courage to live out my inner romantic life, which seemed to involve living unhappily and dying young.

Then came the big change. For at the time I was an undergraduate—in the early 1930s—the image of the poet underwent an abrupt transformation. The romantic, mad, tormented, lonely image was replaced—in fact abolished—by that of the man who had an ordinary job—preferably as a bank clerk—and who went about dressed in dark city clothes with thin pinstripes. The poet cut his hair short, wore a bowler hat, and carried an umbrella. His expression in its undistinguishedness was distinguished only by a sardonic smile. In his pronouncements this new type of poet emphasized that he did not think writing poetry was different from exercising any other talent. It was a job like carpentry, requiring skill in the juxtaposition, not of pieces of wood, but of words.

This non-poet poet tended to gather around him a few other poets who shared his views and who were very scornful of the surviving "poetic" poets. They made pronouncements, wrote editorial letters to one another, offered advice about how to fix up an imagist poem. Their most personal statements were to deny that they carried around with them anything so irrelevant as a personality. They had the most definite and authoritative ideas about what poets should be: technically accomplished and conscious, rooted in an understanding of past poetry and yet in no way archaic, manipulating influences, myths, subjects with completely detached and objective contemporary "critical awareness." They wrote a kind of poetry for which they themselves provided rules proving that it was the only poetry possible to write today. Often they wrote poetry that answered the kind of questions that could be set in examination papers. They made life difficult for poets whose poems could not be set as subjects for examination.

I am, of course, exaggerating deliberately because I want to describe the impression produced on a poet who was an undergraduate in 1930 and who had been brought up to consider the romantics the be-all and end-all of poetry when he first heard about the rules laid down for writing poetry by Ezra Pound, and pronouncements such as that of T. S. Eliot that poetry was not an expression of but an escape from personality. The effect of the abolition of the image of the poet, and its replacement by the idea

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of poetry (for this is really what Eliot's early essays and the imagist movement signified), would not have been so great if it had not been salutary. For the romantic image of the poet worked only when it was demonic, dynamic, and sacrificial—as indeed the world was to see a few years later in the case of that great post-romantic figure Dylan Thomas. Pound and Eliot were occupied in pouring cold water on the English image of the poet as a tweedy, long-haired, vague, and rapt wanderer preoccupied with expressing his slovenly personality at a time when the idea of the romantic life identical with the romantic poem had dwindled to gentility faintly tinged with Bohemianism.

Ruskin wrote somewhere that certain English watercolorists painted the way they did because, like sheep, they liked spending their days in green pastures, nibbling faintly at green grass, between green hedges. (In case anyone wants to write in correcting me, I am sure that here I misrepresent Ruskin, but the attribution demonstrates what I mean about the English Georgian poets who were contemporary with the young Eliot and Pound.) The lesser Georgian poets put on their tweed suits, smoked their brier pipes, drank their mugs of ale, and sometimes tossed maidens in the hay, and they wrote their unquestioning questionable poetry. They certainly lacked the pressure, accuracy, and intensity necessary to the artist in this modern world.

IN fairness, I should add that it is wrong to dismiss the Georgians because they did not have the critical awareness of Eliot and Pound. Among them were Walter de la Mare, Laurence Binyon, Edmund Blunden, and Sturge Moore, whose reputations are perhaps only beginning to take root today. Shortly before his death I met (in Minerva, Ohio, where he had taken up his extremely modest abode) the very old Georgian poet Ralph Hodgson, and I was reminded by the gleam in his eye, the sacred devotion with which he spoke old-fashionedly about the muse, that he belonged to a kingdom of poetry in which all who were poets were equal. He still had the habit of looking to the poem in order to discover in it the poet, and where he found the poet he scarcely bothered about idiom and technique. The weakness of the Georgians was that they asked nothing of a poem but that they should in one way or another, find the poet in it.

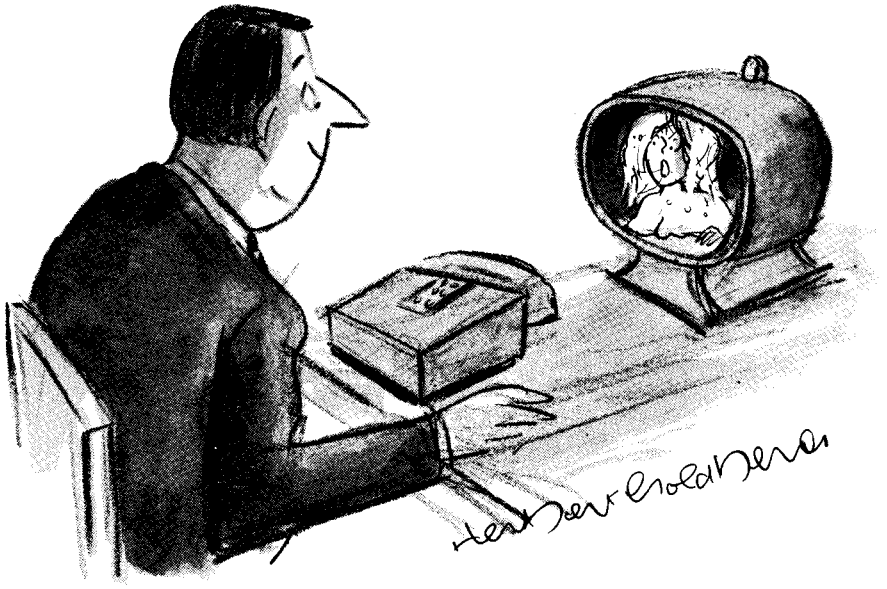
The new professional attitude toward writing poetry separated the image of the poet from the idea of the poem. Writing poetry was brought up to date and was given at least equal status with other kinds of intellectual activity. The "vagueness" of the poet was ironed out in the deadly accuracy of the poem, and poetry began to *think*, just as science and philosophy can do. If "being a poet" now meant anything, it was merely that one happened to be the person who wrote the examinable poems. Although the generation of Eliot and Pound certainly retained their own slyly concealed awareness of the mystique of the poet (confined, in Eliot's essays, to subtle "asides" that probably go unnoticed by many readers), for a younger generation the mystery had been dissolved. When I was at Oxford the idea of the clever undergraduates was that anyone with literary sensibility who learned the techniques and who took great pains could probably write poetry.

Yet if you think that writing poetry consists of little but studying past literature and expressing values derived from it in modern techniques, then it can become the kind of predetermined external activity, belonging to the structure of handed-down but developing tasks, similar to other outside activities like scholarship, scientific research, and the law, which is decided by the general state of the research concerned when the young scholar, scientist, or poet arrives on the scene.

IT may be said, of course, that the individual poet, however impersonal he may be, will retain his individual style and will make discoveries, even invent new forms. But this is true of the other disciplines. A scholar or philosopher or research worker has his own style of doing things, and he is inventive, even creative. I have noticed recently that people seem ever more inclined to think that there is no real difference between the creativeness of a scientist, who may have a blinding vision of an idea that is a leap forward in his specialization, and the poet. And it is true that if the poet is judged to be so by virtue of his "creativeness," then other people are creative also, perhaps even to a more impressive degree than he is. An industrialist, for example, may be genuinely creative in his grasp of an organizational problem of marshaling economic forces and materials and arranging them in a new order that embodies a new organization. In fact, unless there is a basic difference between poets and other professionals that lies in the poet being a poet, then poetry becomes a set task with creative potentialities, like other external intellectual disciplines.

I don't suggest going back to the idea of the romantic poet that so bedeviled me in my youth. I think, though, that having absorbed into our thinking the idea of the poet as a critically aware, objective carpenter with words, one should get back to the idea that poetry must be written by poets. I think that to say this has real meaning. In the poem one should be aware of that quality (which defies analysis, just as no one can analyze what makes a tune) which is the poet.

A distinction between true poets and those who write exercises in whatever may be the currently fashionable idiom is that the first aim of a true poet in writing his poetry is to prove to himself that he is a poet. Writing poetry is a state of conscious being although in doing so the poet becomes the poem. I heard recently that an old poet whose works are probably, of all those written in the present century, most generally accepted as "great" is sad because he is writing no poetry. My first remark to my informant was "Why should he bother? He has written poetry. Everyone knows



"Look Buster, for the fourth and last time, you have the wrong number!"

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it and he must know it." Even while saying this, however, I realized I was being stupid. Having written poetry, having got recognition, results in the same kind of satisfaction as any other achievement in a profession. But it does not show that one *is* a poet, only that one is a success. Being a poet is being a poet when you are being a poet (like "a rose is a rose is a rose"), and that is only when you are in direct contact with the living words under your hand. You know you are a poet only when you are in physical-seeming contact with the being-then-created language; and even then you may be deceived—which is why you dread these contacts with language.

Poets who have stopped writing poetry are notoriously haunted men. They are not just guilt-ridden through collapse of vocation or talent, they are out of touch with their realest existence. In the act of writing—or immediately after he has written a poem—a poet experiences a state of consciousness in which his spirit seems, as it were, identical with the poetry, or the poetry with his spirit. He is incapable at this stage of "criticizing" his work; he is capable only of judging his experience of being the poetry. Later there may follow disappointment. For the written lines may, in the cool light of a later day, seem to prove illusory his impression that he was at the time of writing them in contact with the muse. The critical consciousness with which he conducts a post-mortem (or post-vitam?) on the poem is a state of mind already removed from that in which he wrote it—a fact demonstrated by the experience of most poets that, before they can criticize their poetry, there has to follow an interval after writing it.

TODAY we seem to have a developed critical awareness of the qualities that make a poem. We can analyze the formula that goes into the chemistry, though no more than critics at any time can we do more than feel, intuit, the final *isness* of a poem. We rely on intellectual judgment, perhaps because, feeling alienated, cut off from nature and rituals, and being too democratically-minded to admire noble and exalted living, we find little confirmation in the outside world of the inside qualities of poetry. So we have to explain and intellectualize them. Probably in the past poets did not feel so cut off. They looked around them, and although there was much that was horrible there was also in living traditions, sacramental living, aristocracy, faith, an external scene that reaffirmed the inner patterns of poetry. When the modern poet has such a sense of affirmation, not by a literary critic but by nature or other people, it seems a glimpse of a lost civilization:

"More Ambushes in Vietnam; a retreat in Laos; two convoys halted on German autobahn, and your memoirs rejected by the publisher."

What motion of the sun or stream
Or eyelid shot the gleam
That pierced my body through?
What made me live like those that seem
Self-born, born anew?

It seems to me, looking back to the time of my childhood image of "the poet" (which was acquired from a household still influenced by Victorian attitudes), that what has happened is that the post-Victorian poets—the Georgians—were forced into a position of debilitating self-consciousness. As poets, they were the perpetual divorcés of the modern world. The "professional" poets with their "ordinary" jobs, their surgical criticism, their man-of-the-world airs, attempted to bridge the gap between themselves and people with ordinary jobs by adopting a pose, a uniform of ordinariness. There is plenty of evidence, though, in the writing of Eliot and Pound, that the picture of the poet as businessman was meant for public consumption only; between themselves their intense seriousness was reserved for poetry that had nothing to do with the bank.

So in the 1920s the poet pretended to be a professional like a lawyer or a savant. He adopted a mask. Comparing this situation with the 1960s, one sees that a curious change has taken place. The role of the poet as ordinary man has become itself a business. A reputation as a poet has become a passport into teaching, lecturing, and other professions. Poetry does not sell very well, but someone with a reputation as a poet finds that reputation a salable commodity. There is a danger that the role may swallow up the vocation, especially since, in addition to the fact that being a poet has become a business, the attitudes of poets toward their own work tends to be professional.

I cling, then, to my idea that being a poet is different from being anything else. It is somehow connected with being an "inside" person (by which I don't mean an introvert) as apart from being an externalized one, and poetry is created from this "insideness," not as the result of a routine. Poets may have routines, they may know all the rules, they may be analytic toward their own poetry. But all these things are only props, aids, devices, invocations. The real aim is to release the magic, and the path whereby each one does this is separate, isolated, alone. It seems to me that poets should be practicing schizophrenics. They should cultivate the idea that whatever they do publicly, whatever they do as ordinary men rather than as poets, is a pose and that for them the reality has nothing to do with pretending to be real and accepted professional persons.

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DECLINE AND FALL REVISITED

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

FOR timeless appeal no historical work compares with Edward Gibbon's *The History of the Decline and Fall of The Roman Empire*. Almost two centuries after its publication it remains a steady seller in de luxe editions and in stout, serviceable paperbacks. While other works on the same subject, with the benefit of later discoveries in archeology, coins, and manuscripts, gather dust on library shelves, Gibbon marches on, impervious to the passing of time.

Personally, I have been a Gibbon addict, believe it or not, since I first read *The Decline and Fall* when I was twelve years old. At that age there was a good deal in the work beyond my understanding and interest. Although I prided myself on making it an annual Christmas-holiday rite to start reading the work (which I usually finished in March or April) from cover to cover, I may have cheated a little in skipping some passages about the Arian and Monophysite controversies and the legal innovations of Justinian. Law and theology are apt to be tastes of later development. But even at an early age I was fascinated by the vivid character delineations, the vigorous accounts of battles, sieges, palace intrigues, the vast tides of migration and invasion, the whole panorama of a great society in decline and dissolution. And, without fully understanding its elements, I felt the fascination of the cadenced roll of Gibbon's incomparably majestic style.

Here may well be one of the principal explanations of Gibbon's ageless popularity. *The Decline and Fall* is more than a historical narrative based on prodigious scholarship and industry. It is a work of art, in which author and subject are almost ideally paired. The best way to convey a sense of Gibbon's use of words, shaped and formed by classic models, Cicero, Tacitus, Thucydides, and many others, is to present a sample. And for this purpose nothing seems more suitable than the first sentences of the work, which suggest the opening chords of a mighty concerto, Beethoven's *Emperor*, for instance, or one of Tchaikovsky's:

> In the second century of the Christian era the Empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind. The frontiers of that extensive monarchy were guarded by ancient renown and disciplined valor. The gentle but powerful influence of laws and manners had gradually cemented the union of the provinces. Their peaceful inhabitants enjoyed and abused the advantages of wealth and luxury. The image of a free constitution was preserved with decent reverence: the Roman Senate appeared to possess the sovereign authority, and devolved on the emperors all the executive powers of government.

In an age that has almost lost direct contact with the classics through study of Latin and Greek, Gibbon performs the admirable function of conveying indirectly some of the finest qualities of the classical grand style. His writing also abounds in examples of *multum in parvo* (much in little), which is also a characteristic of the *Annals* of Tacitus. What could be better, for instance, than this epitaph on the Emperor Septimius Severus, who fought his way to supreme power very much in the style of a modern dictator: "He promised only to betray, he flattered only to ruin."

Perhaps the two supreme dramatic events in a narrative that embraces a panoramic sweep of over thirteen centuries are the fall of Rome to the Gothic hordes of Alaric in 410 and the storming of the second Rome, Constantinople, by the Turkish Sultan, Mohammed II, in 1453. In both, Gibbon responds to the challenge of the situation. A Roman Senator who experienced Alaric's conquest might have found Gibbon's comment, in its eloquent brevity, worthy of the death of a mighty empire: "Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the Imperial City, which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia."

THE tragedy of the fall of Constantinople was enhanced because the last Byzantine Emperor, Constantine XI, unlike most of his feeble and inglorious predecessors, was a hero, who did everything possible, with hopelessly inadequate forces, for the defense of his capital and perished under its walls, fighting to the last. The account of the capture of Constantinople is one of the finest descriptive passages in the whole work; one can see and hear the waves of Turkish assailants, the gradual crumbling of the poorly manned defenses, and, at the end, the emperor, whose one fear was to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, crying out: "Is there no Christian who will cut off my head?"

Gibbon was a typical intellectual product of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment. The sequel to the repudiation of an adolescent conversion to Catholicism (which in England at that time would have involved serious social and economic disabilities) was a state of mind committed to no religious faith. Gibbon's philosophy, clearly communicated in his great work, is a tolerant Epicureanism cherishing such classical values as courage, perseverance, justice, and moderation, and rejecting cruelty, tyranny, fanaticism, and obscurantism. An urban irony is one of the pronounced attributes of his thought and style; perhaps the best example is the paragraph in which he delicately questions the reality of the early Christian miracles:

> But how shall we excuse the supine inattention of the Pagan and philosophic world to those evidences which were presented by the hand of Omnipotence, not to their reason, but to their senses? During the age of Christ, of His Apostles and of their first disciples, the doctrine which they preached was confirmed by innumerable prodigies. The lame walked, the blind saw, the sick were healed, the dead were raised, daemons were expelled, and the laws of nature were frequently suspended for the benefit of the Church. But the sages of Greece and Rome turned aside from the awful spectacle and, pursuing the ordinary occupations of life and study, appeared unconscious of any alterations in the moral or physical government of the world. Under the reign of Tiberius, the whole earth, or at least a celebrated province of the Roman Empire, was involved in a preternatural darkness of three hours. Even this miraculous event, which ought to have excited the wonder, the curiosity and devotion of mankind, passed without notice in an age of science and history.

The best proof of subtle irony is to be misunderstood. And in modern times a publication of a religious sect that lays stress on the possibilities of healing by faith gravely cited this passage as proof that even an infidel recognized the reality of triumph over the "imaginary" vicissitudes of death and illness. One can almost see Gibbon's eyes twinkle as he

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remarks that Tours was probably not the only city where the bones of a malefactor were mistaken for those of a saint.

His sharpest thrusts are delivered at monks, whose whole way of life is alien to his easygoing hedonism. Even when a sense of fairness makes him recognize the devoted sacrifice of the monk Telemachus, who insisted on separating gladiators in the arena and was stoned to death by the spectators, whose later repentance led to an end of this cruel practice of human combat, he cannot resist the sly dig that the death of Telemachus was more useful to mankind than his life.

The essentially pagan philosophic outlook of Gibbon is a strength in some aspects of historical interpretation, a weakness in others. Britain's leading contemporary woman historian, C. V. Wedgwood, offers a very apposite comment on this point: "If he did not understand the heart of a Christian slave, he understood the mind of a Roman Senator."

Gibbon stood on one summit, European civilization in the age of Enlightenment, and looked back to another, ancient Greece and Rome, over what he considered the void of the Dark and Middle Ages. This strongly rationalistic bent is a handicap in dealing with the Byzantine Empire, where church and state are so closely intertwined. The eloquent sentences at the end of Steven Runciman's admirable, concise work, *Byzantine Civilization,* would have been outside Gibbon's range of sympathy and understanding:

> The weary Byzantine knew that the doom so often threatened must some day surely envelop him. And what did it matter? It was useless to complain. The world was a foolish travesty, haunted with pain and with sorrowful memories and foreboding. Peace and true happiness lay beyond. What was the Emperor, the Peer of the Apostles, what even was Constantinople itself, the great City dear to God and to His Mother, compared to Christ Pantocrator and the glorious Courts of Heaven?

On the other hand, Henry Adams's complaint, that Gibbon never really explained the fall, seems unjustified. Obviously the decline, in some areas into complete dissolution, of the mightiest and wealthiest state organism of the Western world was not the result of a single battle or campaign. It was a process in which internal decay was far more important than external pressure. In many cases the barbarians who set up their own rude kingdoms in the former Roman provinces of Gaul and Spain, Italy and Britain simply migrated in large numbers into regions where effective civilian and military administration had ceased to exist.

Toward the end the tottering empire was defended as much as it was attacked by the barbarians; mercenary chiefs with Gothic names replaced the old Roman consuls and proconsuls. The causes of this internal decay were varied; Gibbon seems to identify them accurately in observations on the enervating effects of the imperial despotism, the loss of civic spirit and initiative, the increasing gulf between the unwarlike civilians and the legions, filled up with frontiersmen and barbarians, fighting more and more for pay, less and less for patriotism. Emperor after emperor lost his life in military mutinies; the choice of a new ruler rested more and more in the military camps, not in the impotent Senate. Another cause of decline was proliferating officialdom and the increasingly crushing burden of taxation required to support it; this is hit off by Gibbon as follows:

> The number of ministers, of magistrates, of officers and of servants who filled the different departments of the state was multiplied beyond the example of former times; and (if we may borrow the warm expression of a contemporary): "When the proportion of those who received exceeded the proportion of those who contributed the provinces were oppressed by the weight of the tributes."

There is a somewhat modern ring about this comment, also about this observation on the attempt of the Emperor Probus to stem barbarian raids by constructing a wall between the Rhine and the Danube: "The experience of the world, from China to Britain, has exposed the vain attempt of fortifying any extensive tract of country. An active enemy, who can select and vary his points of attack, must in the end discover some feeble spot, or some unguarded moment."

Those who placed their trust in the Maginot Line might note this passage; and the victims of Josef Stalin's purge trials would find a reminiscent note in this reference to the fate of Licinius, one of the defeated rivals of Constantine: "According to the rules of tyranny, he was accused of forming a conspiracy, and of holding a treasonable correspondence with the barbarians; but, as he was never convicted, either by his own conduct or by any legal evidence, we may perhaps be allowed, from his weakness, to presume his innocence."

Some traits of Gibbon the man may be deduced from his masterpiece. From childhood he was an omnivorous reader; he had a scholar's instinct for undistracted ease, relieved by a taste for good intellectual company and good fare. His one near-romance, with a Swiss pastor's daughter, Suzanne Curchod, foundered, according to Gibbon's own account, on paternal opposition. "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." But one may shrewdly suspect that the sigh was one of relief at getting free from responsibility for Suzanne, who later married the banker Necker, who vainly tried to reform the financial mess that touched off the French Revolution and is also remembered as the mother of Madame de Staël.

Edward Gibbon — the writer found his subject.

Gibbon loved and admired Switzerland, with its spirit of ordered liberty, and some of his happiest years were spent with a Swiss friend of congenial tastes, Deyverdun, in a house in Lausanne overlooking Lake Geneva and the distant mountains of Savoy. It was there that *Decline and Fall* was completed. Success and recognition were swift in coming after the publication of the first volume of his work and included the following remark of the king's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, when presented with a copy: "Another damned thick book? Always scribble, scribble, scribble, eh, Mr. Gibbon?"

Gibbon was notably free from discontent, either with his own lot or with the state of the world: he adhered pretty consistently to the philosophy enunciated early in his memoirs: "My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage or a peasant; nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honorable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune."

But smug self-satisfaction was not the be-all and the end-all for the creator of what has a fair right to be considered the world's greatest history. If Gibbon, who returned from his beloved Switzerland to die in England, could have glimpsed on his deathbed the enduring fame of his sole and more than sufficient masterpiece his last words might well have been: *Si vis monumentum, circumspice.*

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A Magnet for Ideas

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is a professor of education at New York University.*

THERE was a time, not too long ago, when management was fond of staging "brainstorming" sessions at which executives were encouraged to contribute any idea, no matter how unlikely, that came into their heads. Sometimes, of course, these ideas had little value, but occasionally they helped develop new approaches to business success. This practice was followed by the arrival of the roving vice president whose assignment was to criticize and offer suggestions about anything he chose. He had no responsibility except to get the ideas flowing.

Perhaps neither of these innovations quite fulfilled its original promise, for one doesn't hear much about them today. This, it seems to me, is a shame. Whatever drawbacks they may have had, the motive that prompted them was unquestionably sound. Both brainstorming and roving vice presidents were intended to stir up minds, to unlock imaginative ideas, and to create a climate of receptivity to the unusual and the unexpected. All these are goals with a wide application. They could be valuable not only in business but also in government, in education, indeed in any enterprise grown so large that good ideas are sometimes lost in the bureaucratic maze.

Consider, for example, the case of education. Although new ideas are always in short supply everywhere, in education the need for fresh thinking is particularly clear. Our colleges are stagnant from lack of imaginative ideas and their faculties are full of deadwood. Administrators repeat familiar platitudes. No fresh breeze has ruffled the educational waters for more than two decades. American education is becalmed in a high tide of enrollments. Let us see how, in this field closest to my own experience, new ideas might be stimulated.

It seems to me, as a first step, that the foundations, which give millions of dollars in grants to our institutions, might well concern themselves more deeply with this situation, for in it lies an enormous opportunity for them. After all, it is the major foundations that are among the prime movers in education today, and they are therefore in a particularly strategic position to promote constructive change. But for a number of reasons they are not always able to do as much as they might. I am particularly troubled by the little serendipitous, imaginative ideas that inevitably get lost in foundation bureaucracy—the happy inspirations that may not involve vast sums but may produce significant results. A legend has, in fact, grown up that unless a project involves hundreds of thousands of dollars, it cannot possibly catch the attention of foundation officials.

I recall a conference with the president of one of the nation's major foundations. I had hardly presented a project proposal when he said, "I will grant the $15,000." When I recovered from the swiftness of his response, I asked him how he had decided to support this project. He replied that from long experience he had discovered that half the projects he thought were excellent turned out to be duds and half of those he thought had little value turned out to be extremely worthwhile. As a result, he said, he had learned to take a chance. But it seems that few foundation officials—and perhaps few other people—are given the room they need to take an imaginative chance.

What is needed, it seems to me, is a vice president for serendipity, a man whose sole job is to search for valuable and unexpected ideas. The vice president for serendipity should be given the liberty of freewheeling and should be allowed to reach some decisions intuitively, without the assistance of experts, consultants, committees, or field generals. He should be given a sizable budget, and, while he would of course be accountable for the results, he should not be held to a specific batting average.

Although some foundations may allow individual officials to determine the fate of smaller requests, the sheer size of a large foundation's staff makes it impractical to give every official a gambler's risk capital. In those foundation offices where the smaller ideas are considered, a gambler's atmosphere is, indeed, noticeably absent.

The vice president for serendipity should have a small office. It need not have wall-to-wall carpeting. It should be located where those whose proposals or ideas have been rejected by the foundation's higher echelon can drop by for a final talk on their way out.

The vice president for serendipity could talk with all those time-consuming professors who have an imaginative idea that requires only small encouragement to develop. He would also serve as the person to handle new ideas in education. It takes courage these days to propose a change in the educational pattern. Helping colleges, universities, and professors do better what they are already doing is not meeting the challenge of a rapidly changing age. Even giving bigger grants or more elaborate buildings is not the answer. Perhaps some of the answers will be found in the serendipitous ideas that are too often allowed to slip through the foundations' net.

And, as I have suggested, the value of the vice president for serendipity would by no means be limited to education. Indeed, if even a few dozen were placed at appropriate vantage points throughout the business and governmental communities, we might see some exciting developments in the market place of ideas.

—FREDERICK L. REDEFER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Assessing a Senator

THANK YOU FOR Henry Brandon's good-humored Washington expertise on the "phenomenon" of Barry Goldwater [*SR*, July 4]. Regardless of the San Francisco decision by the befuddled Republican "leaders," the Senator is phenomenal for only one thing: he discovered that hundreds of thousands of people are wishing we might use some brains and some guts either to replace or reinforce the dollars we've been so liberal with abroad for so long. He found them hopeful that America still has some of the first two quantities and fearful that the supply of the third will be either exhausted or completely devalued before long. He seems to bespeak their hopes *and* their fears. Hence his huge following, which so-called liberals do not, or will not, recognize.

In addition, the Senator has found many Americans wishing our leadership would quit worrying about our "image" as the world sees it. Some are quoting the old jingle: "We eat and drink and scheme and plod, and go to church on Sunday; and many are afraid of God, but most, of Mrs. Grundy."

JOHN C. MELLETT.

Indianapolis, Ind.

"Have a good day!"

TO CORRECT the distortions in Henry Brandon's column of July 4 would take more time than most of us can spare. I hope, however, that I was not the only reader who was struck by the schizophrenic irresponsibility of a writer who states with distaste that "Senator Goldwater is a simplifier who sees most issues in black or white," yet who presents the Republican Party as forced to make a black or white choice between "extremists" and "moderates."

I despair of making this point, for, to paraphrase the article itself, "the knotty business of explaining why the issues are not as simple as presented by Mr. Brandon is always far more difficult and complicated and usually much less persuasive."

IRWIN STERNBERG, JR.

Tucson, Ariz.

The Technicolor Dream

DICKENS HAS SURVIVED Oscar Wilde's laughter, and I suspect Leon Uris will survive Daniel Stern's titters, too. The appearance of a new Uris Book, *Armageddon: A Novel of Berlin* [*SR*, June 13], seems to trigger ever more vicious critical attacks on a highly skilled author whose cardinal sin is, to quote Mr. Stern, that "his books are bought by the millions and they make blockbuster movies—but that's all."

I wonder what Mr. Stern means by "but that's all." As a creative writer himself, he must know that without a passionate desire to communicate his artistic vision to as many people as possible, a man may write but he is not a writer. Stern should also have some notion of how difficult it is to win an audience of millions for even a "bad" book; yet he is baffled by Mr. Uris's success to the point where he labels it a phenomenon with important implications—the most obvious of which seems to have eluded him entirely.

Uris's vast audience is composed of the same sentimental slobs who roared their approval of Shakespeare's plays and have made the Bible the best-seller of all time. Simple souls, to be sure, these millions who are not frightened by the fact that man is a creature full of sentiment that spills over into sentimentality just as often in real life as it does in the books he prefers to read. These people know, too, that every human being must dream, and if one man's dreams solace and sustain him better in Technicolor, then not all the hysterically impotent critics in the world will keep him from dreaming in Technicolor. . . .

HELEN SZOLD.

Highland Park, Ill.

No Guarantee

IN CONNECTION WITH David Dempsey's reference to the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers in his article "The Case of the Improper Imprint" [*SR*, June 13], there may be some misunderstanding. The U.S. Information Agency did not play any part in the conception of the series nor did it finance the preparation of any of the pamphlets. The USIA agreed, in advance of publication, to purchase a quantity of each of the first three pamphlets when the series was established several years ago. Since then, as additional titles in the series have been published (there are now thirty-seven titles in print), the USIA has purchased varying but lesser quantities of a number of other pamphlets after they have been published. Thus it is not quite accurate to say of the series: "In cases of this sort, government commitment to purchase a certain number of copies virtually guarantees the cost of publication."

Regardless of the details of these purchases, we are, of course, glad that the USIA has been able to make use of some of these pamphlets in its program.

JANET SALISBURY,
University of Minnesota Press.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Women in Politics

AS STATED IN James F. Fixx's editorial "Women, Politics and the Future" [*SR*, June 20], it is desirable to accustom voters to considering the qualifications of women for high office. I believe, however, that if this nation is to make better use of the political talents of its women there must be more than a superficial acceptance of the idea of a female candidate for the Presidency.

In many parts of the country, the political organizations are nearly as neatly segregated by sex as the rest rooms are. The women themselves are partly to blame for this because they have been satisfied with a peripheral role. The men are partly to blame because they have used political meetings as a "night out with the boys." The parties are partly to blame because they have often recognized the expressed interest of an intelligent woman only by issuing her an invitation to a bingo game.

MRS. RICHARD A. KNIGHT.

Rochester, N.Y.

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The Artful Riviera

IN THE easy-come ways of amateur historians, the beginning of the good life for Antibes, that venerable settlement on the Riviera, is traced to the chance tea-time arrival at the Hôtel du Cap of James Gordon Bennett, son of the founder and editor of the New York *Herald*. Known as Gordon, the younger Bennett had established a dashing reputation on his own. For one thing, he had financed the expedition that sent Stanley off to look for Livingstone. For another, he had joined with John Mackay to lay transatlantic cables. He had founded the Paris edition of the *Herald,* been horsewhipped by the brother of his fiancée, whose engagement he had terminated, fought a duel, and, as an outdoor sportsman, established trophies in yachting and in car and plane racing.

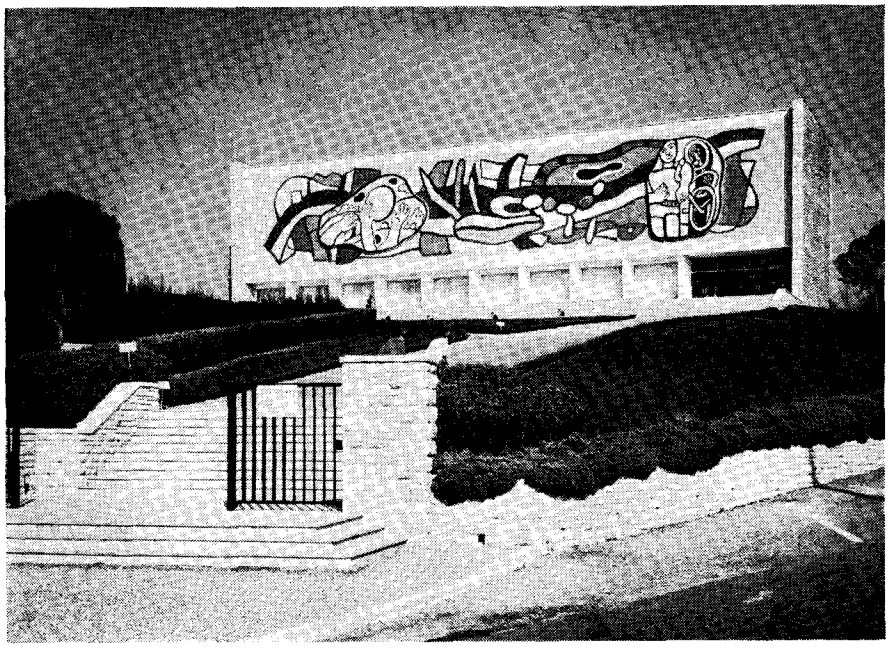
After a pleasant afternoon's conversation with Antoine Sella, who had taken over the hotel from a covey of Russian princes in 1888, Bennett leased a whole floor of the hotel for his sister. From that day the Hôtel du Cap, its watering hole known as Eden Roc, and indeed all of Antibes have never ceased to attract a glittering collection of devotees—royalty, rich industrialists, international sports, writers and artists, and the inner celluloid circles of Hollywood and Rome. The Hôtel du Cap has never been more elegant and the piny peninsula known as Cap d'Antibes has never held more villas.

It is hard to say why Antibes has remained untarnished while Juan-les-Pins, hardly more than a half-mile down the road, has become a gamy carnival. "Have you been to the Riviera lately?" a friend in New York asked me when he heard I was on my way. "Juan-les-Pins in the height of summer looks like Rockaway," he said. Despite the advance reports, I was hardly ready for Juan, for my memories of it go back to the late Twenties and Thirties when it was a name on a pre-addressed envelope given me by my mother to mail to her from my summer camp in Maine. She would come down from Paris after the fashion openings. Some years I would be writing her at the Carlton in Cannes and other years at Juan-les-Pins. They were two of the most glamorous names I had to conjure up in those days, and I dropped them among my campmates the way cruising widows toss off visits to Hong Kong and Colombo.

Juan-les-Pins was largely a creation of Frank Jay Gould, an American financier who took the pine grove and the beach, added a first-class hotel, and created a resort that reached the height of its fashionable times in the Twenties and Thirties. The hotel is still there, but it is hard to find the pines nowadays. The streets echo with the blare of a Luna Park that is at least screened from the eye if not from the ear. At the main crossroads of town, the corners are occupied, not with banks, as they might be in the United States, but with sidewalk cafés. The patrons come every afternoon and again after dinner to watch everyone else. For those who are hungry there is the convenience of a pizzeria, which also has sidewalk tables and may well be the only pizzeria in the world that serves champagne. From any of these establishments the view is a constant floor show. Sometimes the main act is a clown who arrives on his bicycle and performs tricks in the street, sailing through the incredible tangle of traffic on one wheel, or standing on the seat or hanging from the handlebars. Later he passes the hat, then puts his bike in his car and drives off to the next Riviera community.

The afternoon divertissement is less strenuous. One afternoon, when I spent a quiet hour lollygagging over a *Cinzano à l'eau,* the center of attraction was a group of bearded beats, grimy and dressed in black, who were drawing a picture on the sidewalk in chalk. The boys were blond, Nordic, almost patrician in their looks—or would have been if they had been washed and shaved and reclothed. A girl companion, similarly dressed, occupied herself caring for a puppy on a string. One of the men sauntered across the street to a bakery, and with a few coins dropped by passers-by he bought a loaf of bread that was divided among them, with an equal share to the dog.

The starving artist is not a familiar sight on the Riviera, where some of the most successful painters have lived and labored and left some of their best works. Some artists like Picasso and Léger have their own museums. Perhaps it is not altogether correct to say that Picasso's museum is his own, but so many of his postwar works are hung in the Château Grimaldi, just along the sea at Antibes, that the old stone battlement is really his. After hard war years in Paris, Picasso had returned to the Mediterranean in 1945. He took a room in a hotel at Golfe-Juan, but it was crowded and he found it a difficult place in which to work. The director of the Antibes Museum offered him the keys to the castle and Picasso accepted. Having come from Málaga, last Greek colony in the west, he was delighted with Antibes, last Greek colony to the east. With all the space he could want, he began to decorate the walls, working directly on the cement because there were no canvases. Through the windows the view swept off to the blue Mediterranean, seared here and there by the white wake of a fishing boat coming into port. Under the windows were the red tiled roofs and the little terraces decorated with pots of flowers. It was also inspirational, for most of Picasso's works of this Antibes period are gay with whimsy and dancing people, with gamboling



—*French Government Tourist Office.*

Léger museum in Biot—carnations, cypresses, and hyperthyroid eyes.

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goats and fauns, flautists and lovers. When he moved on, this time to Vallauris and his pottery period, he left all the works he had completed while in Antibes. Later he sent down a number of ceramics done at Vallauris to add to the collection.

So much art interest has been stirred along these ancient ramparts that a small but attractive atelier, the Galerie Renée Laporte, has opened at 6 Rue Bateau, directly opposite the Picasso museum. A civic center of art and archeology has been opened, too, under the ramparts in a stone tunnel called the Bastion St. André. A small bistro called the Restaurant du Bastion will succor the passing art fanciers should hunger strike.

Léger's museum, really the only proper museum in all France built to shelter the works of a single artist, sits atop a green hill in the tiny village of Biot between Antibes and Cagnes. Hard by a greenhouse growing carnations looms this massive stone edifice, faced all along its front by a brilliantly colored ceramic mosaic originally designed to decorate a stadium at Hanover, Germany. In the garden, among the umbrella pins and cypresses, is the twenty-five-foot-high ceramic sculpture called *Jardin d'Enfants*.

The collection of sketches, paintings, ceramics, tapestries, and sculpture inside is arranged chronologically from 1905 to 1955, when death interrupted Léger's last work, *Portrait de L'Oncle*. Through all the works run the heavy black lines and the hyperthyroid eyes of Léger's people; and through them all, too, run Léger's constant preoccupation with man's civilization and work. Biot, with its excellent clay soil, has been turning out tiles, huge pots and vases, and stoves of natural firestone for years, but Léger encouraged the potter's art here and in a sense he was for Biot what Picasso was for Vallauris.

The Riviera's newest museum, and from first look its most exciting, is opening this summer in the pine woods behind the hilltop village of St. Paul, an artist's town since the first days that followed World War I. The new museum, something of an open secret along the Riviera, has been built alongside his own home by the French art publisher, critic, and collector, Aime Maeght. It is to be a museum essentially of Riviera artists, with separate rooms for Miró, Braque, and Chagall, a garden court full of Giacometti, and a salon to be shared by Picasso, Léger, Matisse, and Bonnard. The buildings have been done by José Luis Sert, son of the muralist, and have been magnificently handled in spare red brick with glass corners offering sudden views of sculpture laid out on lush green lawn.

Bits of mosaic, a work table, and tools were scattered around a courtyard where Chagall had left them to run up to Paris on other business. The garden of Miró sculptures, with the ever-present egg, was already in place the afternoon I walked through, and the first of four houses which Sert has built for visiting artists was already complete. It is a masterpiece of modern design, with marble tables in the dining room and in the kitchen, hand-cut tiles from Biot on the floor, a brilliant Chagall and a Calder to decorate the living room, and Miró lithographs hung over the Eames chairs. In a corner of a garden, overlooking the view of the valley far below, stands Miró's carefully poised fork that turns with the wind.

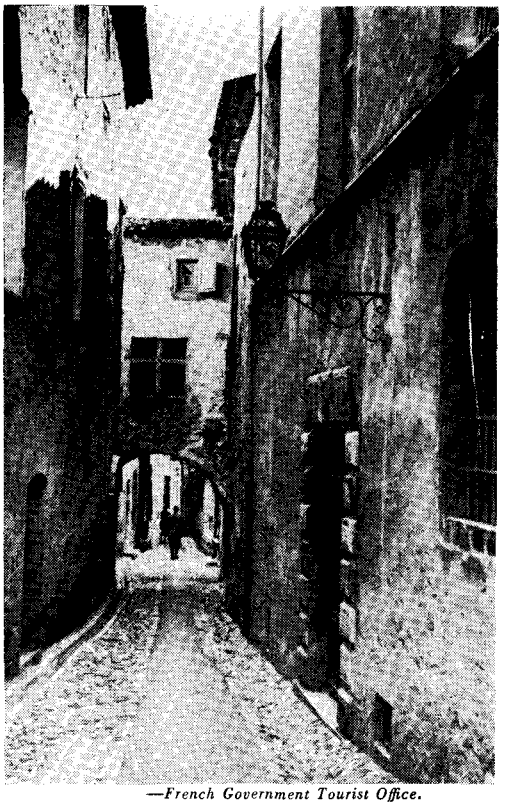
Artists will be invited to visit and work and take inspiration here. For their comfort Maeght has even provided them with a private chapel where an eleventh-century carved Christ hangs under a lavender-hued stained-glass window by Braque. As for the public, they will be admitted to the museum, as plans stand now, two days a week. They will pay a formidable price, probably about $2. They will be dealt postcard souvenirs of the original works from an automatic machine, and should any nefarious connoisseur be inspired to lift a canvas, a favorite sport of late along the Riviera, an automatic panel board will blaze, doors will close automatically, and the sirens will sound in St. Paul.

They know all about the artful art of art larceny in St. Paul, where in 1960 one of the world's finest collections of modern art was lifted *en bloc*. It belonged to the late Paul Roux, who, over forty years, had played papa to the Riviera's great artists, was frequently paid in canvases, and later hung the works on the walls of his inn, the famed Colombe d'Or. Utrillo and Picasso, Bonnard and Dufy, Matisse and Chagall and a dozen other artists hang over his tables and in the bedrooms upstairs, having been returned a few years ago when a clergyman intervened with the underworld. There is a Léger to brighten the swimming pool and another to brighten the garden restaurant where ivory-white doves walk among the diners. And then there is always the view of the valley with its fields of carnations laid out in perfect order.

To wander among the cobbled alleys of the old town you must leave your car in the plaza. The shops that have been installed in the old houses are bright with artful bric-a-brac and with works of art. The village fountain, once painted by Winston Churchill, still burbles, and the ramparts, built so long ago by François I, still command the valleys.

When I turned back at last to the plaza the sun was streaking through the trees and glinting off the hard-packed red earth of the square where a late-afternoon game of *pétanque* was in progress. This Provençal version of bowls had drawn a tight, tense crowd, so closely packed along the edge of the court that one could hardly find a place to stand. I walked back to the bar of the Colombe d'Or, which is really not a bar at all but an alcove. There was a card game in the corner while the children watched, and soon the *pétanque* players came in, and the losers stood drinks and the winners were loud with sport. In the courtyard of the inn the waitresses were setting the tables for dinner, and the cool mist of the summer evening was already spreading across the valley.

—Horace Sutton.



—French Government Tourist Office.

Alley in St. Paul — doves among the diners.

Old Poet

By Robert Burlingame

COLLAR open.
Hair blizzard white.
Box elder leaves over the left
Wrist.
And the eyes not looking in
Or out. Just looking.
It is fearful. This old leaning
Man. The neck in calf folds.
Some ancient son.
He sees.
He thinks.
Hiss goes his brain.
But now he won't tell us.

After he goes we can consult
The leaves. They grew wise at his sleeve.

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An Affair in Dublin

A REMARKABLY sensitive, whimsical, charming, and poignantly real study of a country Irish girl's encounters with life and love during her first year in Dublin is found in a new film called *Girl with Green Eyes*. It is another effort of the Woodfall group, headed by Tony Richardson, who, after directing *A Taste of Honey, Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, and *Tom Jones*, kicked himself upstairs to the post of executive producer and chose his camera operator on those three pictures, Desmond Davis, to direct this one. The work of Mr. Davis is superlative, although it must be said that the screenplay by Edna O'Brien, based on her own novel, *The Lonely Girl*, gave him much subtle and supple material to work upon. And, for his interpreter of the naïve but imaginative convent-bred Kate from the country, he had the wonderfully gifted Rita Tushingham, who bears about as much resemblance to the conventional publicity-puffed star as marble does to plastic. She's not pretty, but she's fascinating to look at. Her acting is that perfect kind for motion pictures, natural, seemingly spontaneous, but managing always to convey a precise nuance or meaning.

She's first seen, all round-eyed innocence, clerking in a Dublin grocery store, rooming with Baba, her girl friend from the convent, timidly having her first encounters with young men. Then, by accident, she meets a man of mature years who is something of an author, whose wife is in America contemplating a divorce from him, and who sees in Kate a chance to refresh his weary emotions. The unusual friendship blossoms into an affair, and Kate discovers that love brings with it bewildering complexities of feeling. Moreover, word of the affair gets back to her father in the country and he comes storming up to the city, drags Kate back home, where a priest visits her, offers her pat, parochial advice, and sends her shrieking back to the arms of her lover.

All this is shown in actual backgrounds—there's not a studio set-up in the film—and with a sure technique on everyone's part that makes a second viewing valuable for study purposes. For here is modern movie-making at its best—canny, clever, but always honest in the use of cutting rhythm, sound, and unobtrusive music. And here is a director always managing to find ways of catching his actors in their scenes as though he has just happened to come across them without their being aware that anyone is near. Other of the Woodfall films have been technically distinguished, too, but it seems to me that Desmond Davis has learned all the lessons and improved on his progenitors.

Kate finds she can't handle her moody, middle-aged writer, and he finds he can't handle the girl's exuberantly young emotions. Their parting is inevitable, and then Kate goes on, lives through her first womanly trial, and one wishes one could follow her further in her adventures. The richness of the movie is enhanced by others such as Lynn Redgrave, utterly convincing as Kate's brash,

talkative roommate, by Arthur O'Sullivan, with an uproarious, and also affecting portrait of a hard-drinking, hide-bound father. These Irish types are seen entirely without sentiment and yet with a certain warmth. Peter Finch, as Kate's middle-aged lover, represents a more sophisticated, jaundiced, intelligent, even intellectual kind of Irishman, a cosmopolitan who will have nothing to do with the church, the ordinary customs to which Kate is still drawn. A most accomplished actor, he brings a probing depth of his own to this gem of a film.

IT has been some time since Fred Zinneman has directed a film, and in taking on the thorny subject matter of *Behold a Pale Horse* he provided himself with a most difficult task. How convince an audience that, twenty years after the end of the Spanish Civil War, a former guerrilla fighter would still carry on lonely raids over the border from France, that his enmity would be strong enough and long-lasting enough for him to challenge unto death a Spanish police captain sworn to capture and kill his tormenter? Truth to tell, Mr. Zinneman doesn't quite convince the audience—at least not this member of it—for, with Gregory Peck as the implacable Loyalist, and Anthony Quinn as the police captain, the story is more than slightly incredible. Not that Peck and Quinn are bad in their roles; they just don't carry that ultimate conviction that would engender fuller belief. Better is Omar Sharif, as a young priest unwillingly mixed up in a plot to bring the old guerrilla over on one last mission. The film has individual scenes of some power, but, well-made as it is, firmly and evocatively directed as it is, it fails to explode the cumulative tension that has been built. While Mr. Zinneman sees the old guerrilla as an example of implacable honesty and courage in a world gone entirely askew, the circumstances of the demonstration have the look of contrivance. The movie was adapted from Emeric Pressburger's novel, *Killing a Mouse on Sunday*. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SUSPENSEFUL ANAGRAMS

Here, submitted by Dr. Harry W. Hazard of Princeton, New Jersey, are a dozen anagrams based on the first-and-last names of contemporary mystery-crime-suspense writers (one of these customarily uses a middle initial which is here omitted). Cases are closed on page 33.

1. Terror: calm tan ghost
2. Sin, kill my peace
3. Grave warden
4. Extort us
5. Had rueful trip
6. Enjoy search
7. Tidy lethal bar
8. Eight-ball crime
9. Senior gems gone
10. Pare court crime
11. Lissome dry inside
12. Mangle, if in

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Kitten in the Fish Pond

SUPPOSE you were a young writer and had this idea for a novel: a pompous college student falls in with a young Negro prostitute who is uninhibited in both actions and words. Suppose you let the two characters tell the story in alternating chapters, so that the reader not only gets both sides of the relationship but is amused by the contrast between the boy's stuffy platitudes and the girl's reliance on words that only a few years ago were regarded as unprintable. And suppose the novel had a considerable success. What would you do then? Unless you were uncommonly strong-minded, you would write a sequel.

Robert Gover, author of *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*, is not strong-minded, and so we have *Here Goes Kitten* (Grove, $3.95).

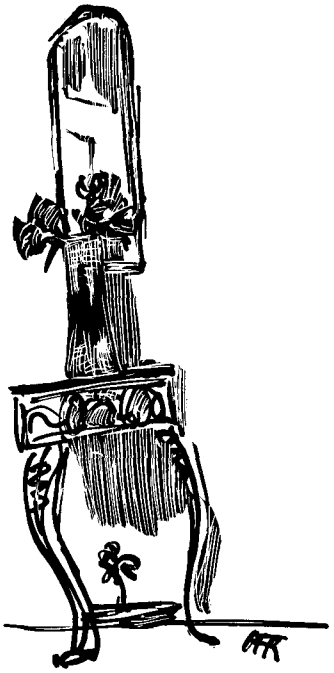
The action takes place three years after the events in *Misunderstanding*, and the hero introduces himself in this way:

> A lot of water has gone over the dam since I, James Cartwright Holland, last came upon the printed page, and therefore — for several reasons — I herewith return. The first of which is the remarkable literary success with which my first big opus, e.g., *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*, met. Ergo, I am flattered to the quick by the undeserved praise my initial endeavor elicited from such renowned critics as, albeit for one, McCaffrey Dubinski, whose profound thesis, "Lack of Communication in the Modern World," has become a beacon in my life. And second, I am now a bona fide, certified writer—serious, professional, and committed—and therefore more capable of rising to the crying necessity to present this desperately needed sequel.

J. C., having managed to get through college, is now, "thanks to my native ability for icy-clear analytical thought and salesmanship," employed by Hook County as public relations director. On this occasion his boss, Herman Pennypacker, Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, takes him to dinner and then to a night club known as the Fish Pond. There J. C. sees Kitten, now calling herself Gigi Abercrombie and serving as an entertainer.

Readers of *Misunderstanding* will remember that at the end Kitten was talking of going away to school and learning to read. It now appears that she didn't go but continued on her wayward course. After the closing of houses of prostitution in a political squabble, she was employed by the Fish Pond. Her language is unchanged and therefore mostly unquotable.

What happens in the novel is that Herman Pennypacker falls for Kitten, and J. C. is happy to serve as pander. Complications develop, but J. C. is equal to them, and, with Kitten's help, he prevents a political scandal. His official version of what happened and her true version are both given.



None of this, somehow, seems very funny. I didn't think *Misunderstanding* was quite so hilarious as some reviewers said, but it did amuse me, if only because of the juxtaposition of two such different persons as J. C. and Kitten. But that is an old joke now; and though there are some entertaining passages in the new book, there are some tedious ones, in which Gover seems to be working painfully hard for a laugh.

One thing that bothers me is the mixing of the real world with the imaginary world, as seen in the paragraph I have quoted. *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* is a fact of the real world, a book written by Robert Gover and published by Grove Press. If Gover

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wants to make believe that Holland wrote it I suppose he has a right to do so, but in that case J. C. must have written the passages ascribed to Kitten, which makes nonsense of the whole business. This is not an important matter, but it bothered me right at the outset. Even a supposedly funny book ought to have imaginative unity.

I am also bothered by the way Gover handles J. C. His malapropisms grow tiresome, and the satire at his expense is obvious. It is not enough for J. C. to be a dope; he must be a reactionary dope. He is, for instance, opposing a measure intended to give relief to "those so-called unemployables, allegedly, but in reality, lazy dolts who lack the initiative to go out in the world and find themselves an employer to serve." Later he tries to convince Kitten, who is living with some friends in a free and easy way, that she is practicing communism, and lectures her on "the irrationality of communism compared to the God-given wisdom and scientifically sound sense of our free enterprise system."

Gover also imputes to Kitten, as he did in *Misunderstanding*, a kind of libertarian ideology:

> I say, Well bay-bae, seem like that free ennerprize sissim real nice—for you white people. Got other people takin care a you grits worries pretty good, huh.
>
> An I say, But what about them other people? I mean like poor people, color people. All them other people you got lookin out for you free ennerprize, huh? . . . .
>
> I say, Well Lover, you right about *one* thing, I sure don't unnerstand. I mean, when you boss people livin offa other people, that's free ennerprize—right? But when some other people tryin t'get you white devils off they backs, that's commonism—right? I say, Baby I don't unnerstand that *no*how!

All this is more weight than a short comic novel can be expected to bear. Very possibly Gover realized that his idea wasn't good enough for a sequel, and therefore he tried to beef it up with political satire. What he has succeeded in doing is making his characters even less probable than they were before. J. C. was hard to accept all the time in *Misunderstanding*; here he seems a preposterous caricature. Kitten was quite successful in the earlier book, but now her child-of-nature act is harder to take. Perhaps the book will sell, and perhaps it won't, but in any case it was a mistake. In his second novel, *The Maniac Responsible*, Gover experimented with a surrealistic technique. The experiments aren't altogether successful, but they suggest that he has a lively imagination, which ought to be engaged in something better than the writing of a second-rate sequel. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

Statues, Stalinists and Stage Talk

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Victor Hugo—no compromise.

Over the years since his death it has become increasingly fashionable to invent epigrams belittling Victor Hugo. I believe it was Valéry who first uttered the comment destined to endure longer than bronze: "Victor Hugo is our greatest poet, alas!" Hugo's novels, which both Frenchmen and Americans read during childhood, allegedly sell more frequently in railway stations of the *grandes lignes* than elsewhere. Thus you or I could be excused for a slight feeling of alarm at the removal of Hugo's statue a while ago from la Place Victor Hugo in Paris. Everyone will be relieved to learn that a new monument to the old campaigner has been installed with much brouhaha at the corner of the Avenues Victor-Hugo and Henri-Martin. Hugo now has an unwanted neighbor in a monument to Lamartine, with whom he occasionally feuded. However, as Jules Romains put it, speaking on behalf of the Académie Française, "Death has brought them closer together." The effigy is conceived as the prow figure of a ship, which is significant. Considered too Romantic as a prose writer, too undisciplined as a dramatist, too unlyrical as a poet, Hugo will go down in history as a great socialist and humanitarian, intent upon political reforms and better piloting of the ship of state. He chose exile rather than compromise with the "man on the horse," Napoléon III, often hailed as "the first modern dictator." As M. Romains summarized, "In the situation he enjoyed at the time of the *coup d'état*, it took more than an ordinary soul to accept exile, when it would have been so easy to avoid it, as did so many others, at the price of a few concessions or a brief period of silence."

The Czechoslovakian novelist Ladislav Mnacky has no desire to become another Pasternak. Last year he published his eighth book, *Opozdené reportaze (Delayed Reports)*, issued simultaneously in Bratislava and Prague. It was an immediate and embarrassing best-seller. It will not, however, be translated into other European languages, as was his 1960 hit, *Death Is Called Engelchen*. For it is a painful denunciation of the Stalinists who took over Czechoslovakia after World War II, based on actual cases and quoting the words of actual if anonymous victims. This surprising *J'accuse* was written with misgivings:

> I have not written this volume willingly. I sat at my desk almost against my will. Often during the drafting of the several chapters I would stop with anguished questioning: Why are you doing this? What purpose will such a book have? Must you reopen old wounds? Whom will you help? I forced myself to finish it. To my doubts I always found the same reply: I shall be useful to truth and its triumph.

In a further confiteor Mnacky admits to having earlier lent his pen to the Stalinist cause, with its harsh treatment of men, guilty or innocent. He hopes, however, that the thaw will prove permanent. "If we fall again into these errors, we cannot plead lack of experience." Mnacky has refused to accept any royalties on his best-seller, lest he be accused of exploitation, and has rejected offers of translation and publication from several European countries.

I have read one of these *Reports*, exceptionally printed in *Europa Letteraria*, and can attest that it is a more violent polemic than anything the West could have published against Stalinism. It is the episode of two partisans, an ex-army major and a peasant woman, who survive the German occupation and during the postwar era remain loyal to their utopian vision of communism. They dedicate themselves to building an ideal marriage and an ideal Marxist state. But the bureaucrats whom they serve, in-

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cluding former partisans like themselves, become brutal, dishonest opportunists, accusing everyone right and left of being (I hope I am not breaking a law in translating the phrase) "Titoists, Zionists, bourgeois nationalists, rightist or leftist deviationists, Trotskyites, or social democrats." It would seem that even worse than deviationists in the bureaucrats' eyes were the idealistic Marxists and Leninists like the ex-major, for he was imprisoned in 1952 without trial and his wife and children deprived of home and property. At the time of the thaw the cautious bureaucrats released him, but he was now a broken man and his wife a suicide.

The book is indeed an amazing document, and courageous within a limited context. It doggedly distinguishes between good (Marxism) and bad (Stalinism). It does not answer, however, a basic question. Can a system be entirely right when it permits administrators so entirely wrong? The book also seems clear evidence that now (within the Marxist context just noted) a writer can safely be an anti-Stalinist for the home, but not the foreign market. Probably Ladislav Mnacky is hoping that the judges of the Swedish Royal Academy will leave him alone.

England is patiently waiting for the final round of the Shakespeare Year, the disposition of litigation over the 7,000 pounds sterling in Mrs. Evelyn May Hopkins's will. This is the amount left so that the Francis Bacon Society may "discover the manuscripts of Shakespeare, which are really Bacon's." Since familial heirs are less fervid Baconians than Mrs. Hopkins, the court intends to convoke the leading authorities on the Bard. Maybe they should summon also the American lady who disposed of the controversy with the bitter complaint: "It is certainly ridiculous the way they keep attributing to Bacon those beautiful plays by the Earl of Oxford."

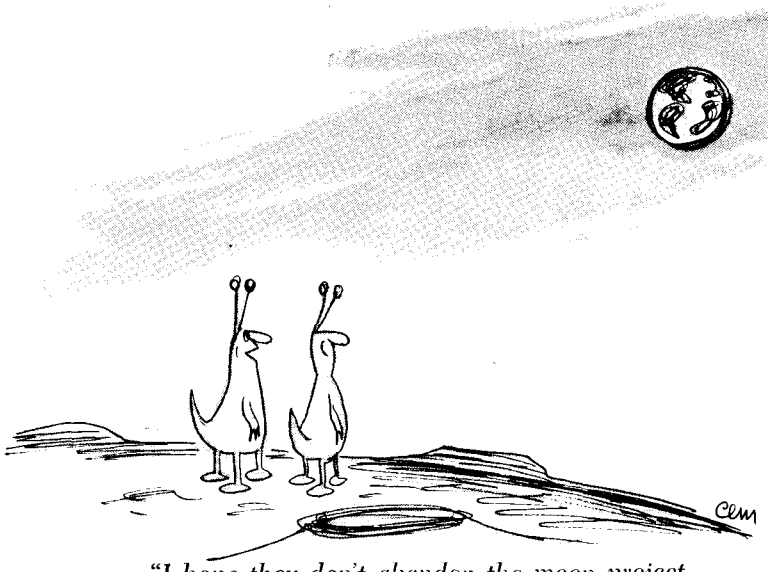
The bad conscience of the Germans over *Antijudaismus* is undergoing collective catharsis in a stream of books still issuing from Hamburg, Berlin, Cologne, Heidelberg, and elsewhere. Wanda Kampmann's *Deutsche und Juden* typically reminds us of the broad European and Christian antecedence of anti-Semitism, allegedly starting with the ideological antagonism between the Talmud and Christ. The author proceeds to trace liberal strains in Germany from the eighteenth century up to National Socialism, noting legislation and attitudes that lulled the Jews into believing that they were actually Germans. As evidence of this feeling she quotes a consensus voted in 1893 by the Central-Verein deutscher Staatsbürger jüdischen Glaubens (Central Union of German Citizens of Jewish Faith), to the effect that Germany Jewry "did not constitute a national minority, but rather must be integrated into the German folk as an inevitable fact." Written with sympathy and humanity, the book attempts to show that the German-Jewish symbiosis showed great promise before Hitler's arrival and thus, hopefully, after his departure. Kurt Jacob Ball-Kaduri's *Leben der Juden in Deutschland 1933: Ein Zeitbericht* is, as the title says, a report on the plight of German Jews from January 1933 until the outbreak of war. Beyond the painful facts, objectively recorded, the book claims that the gravity of the situation was insufficiently understood "by both sides," a conclusion we could hardly accept were it not for the fact that the author was a victim and witness of those tragic days. The writings of the late Theodor Heuss, who from 1945 on proclaimed not only the "collective guilt" but the "national shame" of the Germans, are now collected in a memorial anthology entitled *An und über Juden* (To and About Jews). Heuss would have been eighty this year. Studying the cases of such figures as Heinrich Heine, Heuss became a spokesman for the Jews, whom he considered victims of their origins, destined to misfortune and bad breaks *(Pech)*. Finally, Martin Buber's speeches and essays (1903-1960), published under the German title *Der Jude und sein Judentum* (The Jew and his Jewry), have won widespread praise for their wisdom and depth.

Thus literature, too, contributes monuments, like the half-destroyed Joachimskirche in Hamburg, to remind new generations of past mistakes.

In the *Fiera letteraria* (Rome) Giovanni Calendoli revives the old question of why there is no theater of consequence in Italy. I believe that it was the aforementioned Paul Valéry who quipped that there is so much drama in individual Italians' lives that they don't need to pay to witness more of it on the stage. A partial explanation of my own is that late, heavy dinners, sprinkled heavily with an Orvieto, Castelli, or Valpolicella, are deterrents to survival of the theater. I once attended a performance of Ugo Betti's *Landslide at North Station* in Rome's Millimetro Theater when there were twelve people in the audience and fourteen on the stage. It is true that Italy has not had a major playwright since Pirandello—certainly not Betti, who never really mastered the craft of the theater. The best dramatic talents are now working for Italy's third-largest industry, the cinema, as are such leading novelists as Moravia. Once in a while a play will be magnificently staged by the Piccolo Teatro of Milan, the Teatro Stabile of Bologna, or the university-sponsored Commedia dell' arte Theater of Venice, but such are rare.

The fact is that since the Renaissance, when everyone was a Sunday playwright and cardinals ordered the building of theaters, drama has been at low tide in Italy. The accidental invention of musical tragedy by Florence's Chamber of Bards in the Renaissance meant that in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries Italy had great opera rather than great theater. Calendoli attributes the present sterility in Italy to our increasingly mechanical society, which does away with personal contact and communication—a society typified by telephones, intercoms, and by the distance in time and space of radio and TV dramas. He predicts that a demechanization must inevitably follow and with it a return of traditional theater in which the actor talks over the footlights to the audience. He does not explain the healthy condition of the theater in London, a veritable jungle of telephone wires and TV antennae.

—Robert J. Clements.



"I hope they don't abandon the moon project. Our economy could stand a shot in the arm."

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A Chronic Case of Crisis

Politics of Change in Latin America, *edited by Joseph Maier and Richard W. Weatherhead (Praeger. 258 pp. $6) and* ***Latin American Actuality,*** *by Albert Weisbord (Citadel. 256 pp. $4.50), follow different approaches to different conclusions about current crises in Latin America. Philip Van Slyck is former editor of program materials for the Foreign Policy Association.*

By PHILIP VAN SLYCK

IN THE nearly six years since Fidel Castro descended from the Sierra Maestra to begin remaking Cuba into a pseudo-Marxist state, a temporary Soviet missile base, and a base for exportation of Castro-style revolutions to neighboring countries, the level of U.S. concern with Latin America has escalated sharply.

At times this concern has appeared to be little more than preoccupation with Cuba. Indeed, there are some (including Castro himself) who claim that the Alliance for Progress would never have come about had there been no Cuban revolution.

No matter. Washington and the U.S. public are learning rapidly, spurred by a sense of urgency and growing awareness that Latin America's crisis condition is no new or passing phenomenon. It is deep-seated and chronic. Castroism is a symptom and an exacerbating condition, but it is not the cause. The forces of change at work in Latin America today are global in scope though regional in special character. Their future direction is of profound consequence to hemisphere stability and to U.S. interests, security, and global aims.

The depth of U.S. concern is apparent in the unprecedented candor with which Washington is publicly reviewing its past failures and current shortcomings in hemisphere policy, in some revolutionary new approaches initiated in Latin America by a number of U.S. business interests, in wider and more responsible U.S. mass-media reporting on hemisphere affairs, and in the current near flood of literature, both scholarly and cause-pleading, on Latin America.

The Maier-Weatherhead volume is one of the more thoughtful and thought-provoking contributions to this literature. It is a collection of thirteen essays by as many North and Latin American scholars, dedicated appropriately to the dean of U.S. Latin American studies, Frank Tannenbaum. The total impact of these essays (together with an excellent introductory essay by the editors) is, in balance, cautiously hopeful.

This is not to suggest that there is an ounce of complacency in this book, or that any of the contributors is content with present policies and programs, Washington's or Latin American. These are responsible men who disagree with much of what is being done or likely to be done, and who also disagree freely with each other on what can or ought to be done first. Yet all of them communicate varying degrees of confidence in the *possibility* of mobilizing available local resources, reforming existing institutions, and ultimately of managing, without tyranny or violence, the complex and competing interests that are shaping the hemisphere's future.

Taken individually, there are several particularly noteworthy essays in this collection. One is a fresh and moderately reassuring survey of the maturing of political parties and party politics in the region, by Robert J. Alexander, professor of economics at Rutgers. This is followed by two splendid essays on the politics of Mexico's continuing social revolution, by Daniel Cosío Villegas, Mexican economist and educator, and Stanley Robert Ross, professor of Latin American history at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island. Gilberto Freyre, foremost Brazilian social historian, is represented in a discussion of the familiar theme of the patriarchal basis of that nation's society.

The notes are immensely helpful, and there is a useful glossary of conceptual terms.

The only regrettable deficiency in this otherwise superior collection of ideas is the failure to deal adequately with some critical economic problems. One is the dilemma of Latin America's mounting capital-import requirements in the face of its deteriorating position in international trade. This is touched on inadequately (in terms of price supports) in an otherwise well-balanced concluding essay by Mexican economist Víctor Urquidi on the Alliance for Progress.

A related economic problem is neglected entirely. That is the complex challenge of achieving a "turnaround" and technological modernization of agriculture, the dominant factor in all Latin American economies in terms of employment and the sector in which human capital is most wastefully underutilized. This is an area, however, in which U.S. aid policies, as well as our scholarship, are weak despite our long experience and vast resources in the land-grant college system.

Mr. Weisbord's book takes a very different approach, neither temperate nor hopeful. It is an exhaustively documented disputation on the historical and structural causes of Latin America's

—*Pix.*

Dominican Republic—"a familiar cast of devils."

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contemporary crisis, a condition (according to the author) which is "so deeply rooted in the very operations of international capitalism as to make it impossible for the crisis to end without profound modifications of the economic system itself."

The thesis is stated in an introductory third of the book, a tabulated and footnoted survey of economic trends and political and social forces that have shaped – or, rather, misshaped – Latin American societies, rendering them incapable of reform or modernization without violent upheaval. Mr. Weisbord follows this with two "no exit" case histories, on Argentina and Brazil, in which he illustrates his thesis with more statistics. (The predicted Brazilian upheaval has since occurred, but differently and more peaceably than he forecast.)

Unhappily, this is both a badly organized and an ideologically motivated treatise, relieved by a few constructive proposals. It has a familiar cast of devils: the traditional (and unmovable) oligarchies and military cliques, the "new bourgeoisie" (which is "just as greedy and selfish" as the "older anachronistic groups"), and conspiring U.S. interests which are variously identified as our ruling classes, foreign investors, importers, exporters, bankers, aid administrators, or (in ideological terms) as U.S. "capitalism" and "imperialism."

The most depressing quality of this study, however, is that it deals uncreatively, even destructively, with genuine problems and inequities. There is much in the volume that might have been usefully gathered together if the disciplines of scholarship rather than the persuasions of polemicism had controlled the writing.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1096

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1096 will be found in the next issue.

S FROM ASH DHPFO

MCMKBEGRHT; S OGKMFL PHM,

MCMKBQPLB.

SHPHBAPZO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1095

Nobody was ever meant to remember or invent what he did with every cent.

—FROST.

Insider's Story on Moscow

A History of the USSR: From Lenin to Khrushchev, *by Louis Aragon, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (McKay. 684 pp. $12), hints at key events in the Soviet Union to which the author's Moscow connections made him privy. Harry Schwartz is the author of the recently published "Tsars, Mandarins, and Commissars: A History of Chinese-Russian Relations."*

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

NEAR the end of this long book, the author, perhaps France's most eminent living Communist intellectual, declares ruefully: ". . . more than once it has happend that anti-Communists recounting the facts of Soviet history, have stated truths which those who live outside the USSR and who would like everything in the land of their hopes to resemble the picture of their dreams, have denied."

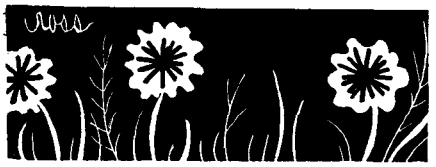
This is a useful and honest admission by a Communist historian of the Soviet Union, but anyone who thinks this candor means that Louis Aragon has written an objective history of the Soviet Union will be sorely disappointed. This is Soviet history as seen through the eyes of a Khrushchev supporter who obediently follows the Khrushchev line. This implies that many of the cruder Communist falsifications of Soviet history practiced in Stalin's time have been dropped, and that a tyrant is recognized partially as having been one. But it also implies that the history of the post-Stalin period, and to a lesser extent even of the years before 1953, is distorted for the benefit of the present leader. Presumably not until Khrushchev is dead and his successor has told some of his still-hidden story will a Communist historian be free to approach the present Kremlin leader with some degree of objectivity.

As might be expected, Georgi M. Malenkov, first post-Stalin Premier of the Soviet Union and defeated rival of Khrushchev, comes off very badly in this Khrushchevite account. Mr. Aragon, for example, manages to discuss the August 1953 session of the Supreme Soviet without mentioning that at this meeting the then Premier Malenkov announced to an astonished world that the Soviet Union had a hydrogen bomb and went on to propound a pro-consumer program for raising living standards that set the precedent for Khrushchev's more recent praise of "goulash." Mr. Aragon recounts the various charges that have been leveled at Malenkov since his fall, but he fails to mention that no proof has ever been offered for most of these charges. Beria and Molotov, Khrushchev's two other major defeated rivals, suffer similar fates at Mr. Aragon's pen.

Mr. Aragon is a famous writer, but in this volume there is virtually no style, no wit, no flair. Most of the book reads like some kind of monster chronology, almost as though the author had had research assistants write down on cards every event since 1917 and then had simply submitted the cards in sequence.

But if this book is too distorted and dull to be recommended to the general reader, it will have its fascination and importance for the specialist. Mr. Aragon, after all, is well connected in Moscow and has been in a position to be told tales that have not been published elsewhere. The result is a series of fascinating hints about key events in Soviet history for which there seem to be no other sources. Thus we are told of a decision by Stalin in October 1946 which effectively cut almost half the members of the Politburo out of the decision-making; we are informed that in March 1953 the interior ministry (the secret police) "lost the control it had exercised over economic matters," and, perhaps most intriguing, Mr. Aragon tells us that Khrushchev's agricultural innovations of 1954-1955 were "designed to make another Kronstadt rising impossible," implying that the Soviet regime shortly after Stalin's death was as near disaster as was Lenin's in 1921.

This reviewer finds it difficult to believe there can be very many purchasers for whom this book will be worth $12. Furthermore, aren't people who pay such a price for a book entitled to get an index and a more formal and informative statement of sources than is provided here?



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New Ways to Make Modern Money

Economic Growth in the West: Comparative Experience in Europe and North America, *by Angus Maddison (Twentieth Century Fund. 246 pp. $4.50), finds the U.S. and Canada at the bottom of the class when it comes to fiscal savvy. Among Stuart Chase's many studies are "Idle Money, Idle Men" and "A Primer of Economics."*

By STUART CHASE

THE COUNTRIES of the so-called "free world," according to our popular philosophy, or mythology, enjoy prosperity because they practice "free enterprise"—"capitalism" rather than "communism." There are, however, substantial differences in the degree of prosperity these nations enjoy. I personally prefer to call the U.S. and the countries of Western Europe "open societies." This term is far more expressive of the economic situation, and far less productive of emotion, than "capitalism." They all permit free speech, free consumer choices, and free investment opportunities, in contrast with the "closed societies" further east.

Despite their basic similarity, however, open societies in North America have had three recessions since the Korean War; open societies in Europe have had none, while the rate of unemployment has been twice as high on that side of the Atlantic.

Why this difference in open societies, where private business furnishes the bulk of services and goods? This is the question that Angus Maddison seeks to answer in *Economic Growth in the West.* He takes twelve countries, spreads on the record their recent statistics of economic growth, unemployment, investment, productivity, and population, then points out the inferior performance of the United States and Canada—as contrasted with Britain, West Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Mr. Maddison is a British economist with long experience in this field as a staff member of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation. His book is scholarly, significant, and readable. During the five years from 1956 to 1961 economic growth in the twelve countries averaged 3.9 per cent a year. Italy was highest, with 6.7 per cent, Canada lowest, with 1.8 per cent. Growth is measured by "gross national product," or GNP, the total output of goods and services. The U.S. stood at 2.3 per cent, Britain at 2.1 per cent, all the others higher.

Britain and Belgium are in the low GNP growth range with the U.S. and Canada, but when the growth of population is brought in, and comparisons made on the basis of output per capita, all ten European nations did far better than the U.S. and Canada.

A dollar output of goods and services tells us something about economic health, but it does not tell us enough. Unemployment is a better indicator. Here again Mr. Maddison shows that the U.S. and Canada are at the bottom of the class. In 1960, for example, the U.S. unemployment rate was 5.4 per cent of the total labor force. Canada stood at 6.9 per cent, Britain 2.5 per cent, France 1.3 per cent, and West Germany 0.9 per cent. The author notes that the normal degree of unemployment in Europe recently has been about half that of the U.S., "and the rhythm of growth was virtually uninterrupted by recession."

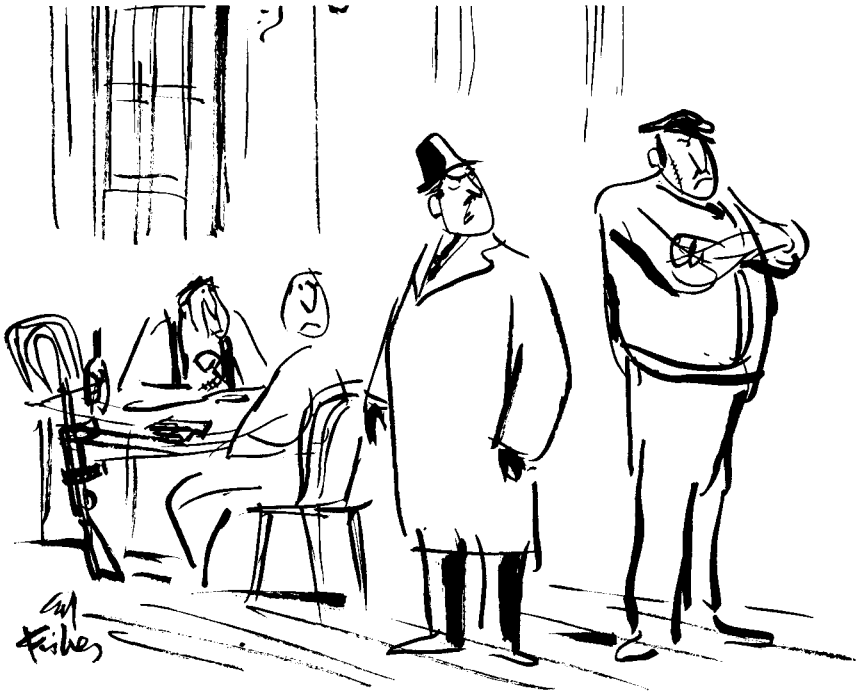
One can argue about details in the statistical record, but there is no getting away from the massive over-all conclusion. Other open societies have enjoyed far better economic health than North America in recent years.

Why? In the first place, says Mr. Maddison, they have been willing to use direct fiscal, monetary, and tax measures to promote growth—contrasted with the timid and inhibited policy of the U.S. This is the central finding of his study. Western Europe has boldly taken advantage of the technical possibilities in modern money to encourage consumer demand, control credit, accelerate investment, built up productivity and potential output.

Meanwhile we have prostrated ourselves before the altar of a balanced budget—an "administrative" budget that does not show the true financial situation. We have feared deficits, inflation, government spending, and have retained an attitude more appropriate to the McKinley era. We have refused to recognize that a modern economy can afford anything it can produce, and that chronic unemployment is plain evidence of economic stupidity.

Mr. Maddison tries to be tactful in his criticism, but he concludes flatly enough that "the basic equipment of fiscal and monetary policy has been rather fully used in Europe. Unfortunately this is not true of the United States."

For a time, right after the war, Europe owed her prosperity to the Marshall Plan; but, once on her feet with American help, she went her own way. "Since 1958," says Mr. Maddison, "the situation has changed. The U.S. has become a net recipient of government capital from Europe because of repayment and prepayment of debt accumulated in the Marshall Plan period."



"Remember, Duke, there are plenty of unemployed teen-agers who'd be happy to have your job."

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Another Day, an Extra Dollar

Organized Labor in American History, *by Philip Taft (Harper & Row. 818 pp. $12.50), chronicles struggles, defeats, and victories of American trade unions. Milton R. Konvitz is professor of industrial and labor relations at Cornell University.*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

IT IS ironic that the standard, comprehensive history of American labor was written before 1935—that is, before the adoption of the Wagner Act, before the unions achieved legal sanction and security, and before they became a major factor in our economy and society. The *History of Labor in the United States*, by John R. Commons and associates, was published in two volumes in 1918 and told the story up to 1896. In 1935 this work was augmented by two volumes that brought the story up to 1932. In 1910 Commons and his coworkers had published the ten-volume *Documentary History of American Industrial Society.*

These two monumental works laid the basis for labor history as a respectable academic discipline; today courses in the subject are taught in many colleges and universities, labor historians publish a learned journal that appears three times a year, and one-volume labor histories have appeared to meet classroom needs and the general trade interest. The best of these single-volume efforts were those by Herbert Harris in 1938, Foster Rhea Dulles in 1949, and, most recently, Henry Pelling in 1960.

Of all the workers in this vineyard none has been more productive than Philip Taft, professor of economics at Brown University, whose initiation into the field came under Commons at the University of Wisconsin. Professor Taft was co-author with Selig Perlman of Volume IV of the Commons four-volume *History,* and a few years ago he wrote the two-volume history of the American Federation of Labor. Now he has written the most comprehensive and up-to-date one-volume history of American trade unions—a book that will quickly become the standard work of reference and, I feel sure, the most widely adopted textbook for college courses in American labor history.

In relating this history, Taft has carefully avoided involvement in ideological discussions. One reason for this may be that he thought that he had dealt sufficiently with ideologies in his *Movements for Economic Reform,* published in 1950. A more obvious reason, however, is the one he himself states: his conviction—repeated throughout the book—that American trade unions have always limited their interest to "business unionism," and have had only the slightest and briefest interest in programs of economic, political, or social reform. With Samuel Gompers, American trade unions have concentrated single-mindedly on "more and more": more money, more fringe benefits, better working conditions, shorter working hours, the actual needs of the workers in the shops, mines, and factories. They may have been attracted by, but ultimately rejected, all alternative movements that were based on reform or revolutionary programs.

Professor Taft does not question the effectiveness of this position, which reflects, he says, "the practical outlook of the American community." Trade unionism, understood as business unionism, "has reduced greatly the appeal of collectivist doctrines among labor," and a weakening of the institution might create a vacuum "which might be filled by organizations more concerned with basically changing the economy than with serving the workers of the country."

These and many other statements in the book leave no doubt that for the author the wisdom of American labor has built her house with its seven pillars, and has slaughtered her beasts, mixed her wine, and set her table; and she invites all to eat of her bread and drink of the wine she has mixed. Professor Taft recognizes the existence of evils, such as racial discrimination, the corruption and violence disclosed in the McClellan Committee hearings, featherbedding practices, and jurisdictional conflicts; but when it comes to delivering the final judgment, his tendency often is toward sympathy and kindness. For example, one of the great contributions of the Landrum-Griffin Act, he says, was to demonstrate the basic falsity of the belief of "the liberals, ex-Trotskyists, and left-wing Socialists" that "labor organizations were cesspools of venality and corruption," and to show that "for probity and integrity the labor movement compares favorably with other American institutions." One would like to know what other "American institutions" Professor Taft had in mind—universities, churches, big business?

But surely this is a small defect, which does not reduce the great merit of the book as a work of careful scholarship written by our most distinguished and able labor historian. It is a book written with imaginative sympathy for its subject while based on solid knowledge and a command of historical method. For its peer, one would need to go outside the United States, to the work of G. D. H. Cole in England.

Great Aunt

By Janet Harper

SHE sits there all day
and always the tips of her fingers
push at the tiny blue and gold pill box.

(Do I not know the coming and going
of generations of cats,
and their names
and the shapes of their tails?
Always the shapes of the cats' tails
have warmed in sun
and plumed in grass
until clean furred
they are upright and anxious
by the door.)

All day she sits
and we leave her alone,
her fingers trembling
on the furled edges
of a raised gold leaf.

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Sure March Into an Unsure Future

With Forks and Hope: An African Notebook, *by Elspeth Huxley (Morrow. 398 pp. $5.95), reports on "the buoyant infancy and uncertain future" of some of the emerging nations. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer specializing in African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

IN 1948, Elspeth Huxley wrote a book called *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, the account of a five-month journey through Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and Zanzibar on the eve of history's most momentous sociopolitical upheaval since the Russian Revolution. Essentially, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* addressed itself to the question of the African's capacity for guiding his own destiny with the ideologies and techniques which he was just then beginning to inherit ("demand" may be more accurate) from his European masters. In seeking an answer, Mrs. Huxley talked to innumerable individual Africans—clerks, tenant farmers, government employees, tribal elders, teachers, shopkeepers, artisans, domestic servants—and these conversations revealed an intelligence, sensitivity, and character seldom (at that time) acknowledged or even recognized by whites. But her final verdict was that the native inhabitants were hopelessly unprepared to cope with the vast problems that would inevitably arise when and if they ever assumed full responsibility for the conduct of their own affairs. (Never mind who may have been at fault for this unreadiness: the fact was simply there.)

Mrs. Huxley's latest book, *With Forks and Hope*, might be called the 1964 sequel to *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, for it covers the same ground and deals with the same people—except that yesterday's hewers of wood and drawers of water are today's movers and shakers. The volume is also a reappraisal of many of her earlier conclusions, and while the fundamental judgment of unpreparedness remains largely unchanged, this is obviously no longer the point: ready or not, there they are, and Mrs. Huxley endeavors to find out how the new and ebullient presence in the East African driver's seat is facing up to the challenge of freedom.

Generally speaking, the picture she paints is bright. Although the march

—*Camera Press (Pix).*

Elspeth Huxley—"a new climate of black-white goodwill."

toward national well-being proceeds at an agonizingly slow pace, harassed as it is by the unholy triple alliance of poverty, ignorance, and disease, we see East Africa's new leadership tackling its unfamiliar job with a zeal and resolve that compensate enormously if far from entirely for lack of formal training and experience. If the new Tanganyikan district commissioner approaches his assignment from the position of ward boss rather than civil servant, he also brings to the task a far deeper understanding of his fellow-Africans than could ever have been claimed by his European predecessor. Kenya's new African landowner class—now occupying the once-sacrosanct "White Highlands"—may threaten economic disaster for the country with its ultraconservative tribal practice of land fragmentation, but in the very same highlands region is the Egerton College, also formerly lily-white, where the disciplines of modern scientific farming are being instilled in a steadily growing cadre of skilled African agronomists. While the glistening modern colleges in Nairobi and Dar Es Salaam may not be filled to capacity, this is at least partly because so many young men and women are studying on scholarships in the U.S. and Britain—and behind the Iron Curtain, too. In the less well-equipped grade and high schools, teachers carry on with spit and baling wire and total dedication.

Ability and determination are even more conspicuous at the top. Mrs. Huxley shows us the leadership and ironbound integrity of Tanganyika's President Nyerere that have already made him independent Africa's most respected chief of state. The reader would be myopic indeed who failed to appreciate the finesse and utterly professional grasp of *realpolitik* with which Uganda's prime minister Milton Obote has held together the viciously disparate interests (including and especially the not-so-comic-opera kingdom of Buganda, a potential Katanga if ever there was one) that continually imperil his country's unity. And perhaps the most hopeful sign—certainly the most astonishing—is the way the charismatic personality of Jomo Kenyatta has captured Kenya's European community, to whom, only a short while ago, he embodied everything that was dark and loathsome. "I'd never have believed," Mrs. Huxley heard one white farmer remark, "that we'd all be saying: 'I hope to God nothing happens to Jomo.'"

This doesn't mean that Mrs. Huxley has tried to gloss over the anger of many departing Europeans. But she also notes a new climate of black-white goodwill that seems to be present everywhere: in the Nandi chief begging a South African farmer (that's right) not to leave Kenya; in the complete absence of resentment felt by expatriate technicians ("the mercenaries of peace"), who know that they are soon to be "Africanized"; among the youthful English language students and their European instructors, hilariously acting out the idiom in a Nairobi classroom; in the interracial and slightly intellectual twisting on the dance floor of noisy, sweating Kampala night clubs. And most of all, perhaps, in the author herself. Readers familiar with the pastoral scenes of Mrs. Huxley's childhood in *The Flame Trees of Thika* and *On the Edge of the Rift* might expect a note of bitterness as she describes the end of that wonderful world, but, aside from an occasional passage that voices a sadness of stabbing poignancy, the prevailing tone is one of warm and genuine eagerness for the new cause to succeed.

These are some of the heartening aspects of East African independence which Mrs. Huxley describes with the knowledge and perception accumulated during a lifetime in that part of the world. But there is another side of the coin, and she views it with unconcealed apprehension. Although this concern is expressed less as prognosis than as inquiry, the questions she asks by their very nature throw an unsettling pall

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over the future. Even if the obstacle of land misuse in East Africa is surmounted, she wants to know whether this will have any meaning in the face of the region's terrifying population explosion. Despite the assurances of so committed a libertarian as Nyerere, will individual freedom survive under the one-party state? Are the age-old terrors engendered by magic and superstition too deeply imbedded to permit fullest and most beneficial use of modern ideas? Will the rising tide of pugnacity toward South Africa and other European-ruled outposts bring on a full-scale war, and, if so, will the conflict dissipate entirely the resources of East Africa's already impoverished independent nations? There is little doubt that the author sees things becoming much worse before they get better.

Meanwhile, despite the brooding clouds, Mrs. Huxley's journey offers readers a fabulous and illuminating adventure. With her unparallelled gifts as a nature writer, she brings to life the immensity and breath-taking color of the land. She introduces us not only to the more celebrated leaders of the three new nations, but to thousands of Africans at less exalted levels who are already carving niches for themselves in a multitude of administrative, professional, and artistic callings. She provides historical perspective by bringing forth many fabled personalities of the past, including, to name only a few, Harry Thuku, the father of Kenya nationalism; Dr. Albert Cook, Uganda's turn-of-the-century Schweitzer; Abdi Ibrahim, the Somali leader who nearly overran all East Africa; Sir Vincent Glenday, the all but legendary Lawrence-like figure whose bluff—and plain guts—eventually halted the Somali drive. There are the living legends, too. We meet Dr. and Mrs. Louis Leakey, the anthropologists who may yet prove beyond question that the birth of mankind took place in Tanganyika's Olduvai Gorge. In the Northern Frontier District of Kenya, a brief call is paid on George and Joy Adamson—and Elsa. And there is a happy visit with the indefatigable matriarch of Kenya's white community, the Hon. Mrs. Nellie Grant, more familiar to readers as Tilly, the author's mother.

Viewed from any angle, *With Forks and Hope* must be this year's most exciting—and most important—book on the buoyant infancy and uncertain future of the new East Africa.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Charlotte Armstrong. 2. Mickey Spillane. 3. Andrew Garve. 4. Rex Stout. 5. Arthur Upfield. 6. John Creasey. 7. Brett Halliday. 8. Michael Gilbert. 9. Georges Simenon. 10. Maurice Procter. 11. Doris Miles Disney. 12. Ian Fleming.

Nine Lives Lived for Their Country

Marguerite Higgins—"tilting lances."

Overtime in Heaven: Adventures in the Foreign Service, *by Peter Lisagor and Marguerite Higgins (Doubleday. 275 pp. $4.95), refutes some popular ideas about diplomats in general and U.S. officers in particular. Delia Kuhn, recently returned from her third tour of Southeast Asia, is working on a book about the Philippines.*

By DELIA KUHN

ONE DAY in the spring of 1962 the senior officers of the State Department received numbered cards summoning them to their auditorium. President Kennedy stood before them and said:

"I know that you frequently feel here in the Department that the White House tends to interfere with our conduct of foreign policy, but I feel that it would not be inappropriate for me to come over here to talk to you for a few minutes to indicate my great dependence on your experience and your counsel—and the great dependence that this country has upon you."

The President talked without notes and off the record about the "difficult and complicated and sensitive" decisions that go into the making of foreign policy. Neither the decisions nor the persons who had to make them, he feared, would ever be fully understood by the American people.

His impromptu visit was a pilgrimage, his words something of a penance. For Mr. Kennedy had come to office nursing the deepest skepticism about the State Department's ability to meet his standards of quality. Moreover, he made no secret of his impatience with the pace of its performance. To ride herd on the career diplomats, he called for and personally read sheaves of cables, soaking up the content and the flavor of Foreign Service business. As the state visits of foreign notables multiplied, he sought briefings from lowly desk officers as well as from assistant secretaries. What began as a kind of confrontation blossomed into a lively and productive acquaintance. When, after fifteen months, the senior officers heard the President say, "We are partners and allies," they felt they had had a pat on the shoulder as well as a prod on the behind.

The Kennedy talk, never before published, comes to light in sanitized form as an epilogue to this book about Foreign Service heroes of past and present. Peter Lisagor and Marguerite Higgins, experienced writers about foreign affairs, tilt their lances at some of the prejudices and stereotypes to which even a brilliant young President was not immune. In the files of the State Department they found "countless tales of courage, bravery, gallantry, bold and quick-witted acts and gestures" among men who served the United States abroad.

The authors chose nine such tales. Although they contend that their main interest is in telling good stories which happen to be true stories, they are only a little less interested in exploding popular

Peter Lisagor—"exploding myths."

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myths concerning the Foreign Service.

They attack first the image of the soft life of American diplomats abroad. Not one of their heroes escaped hardship. Joel Barlow (Yale 1778) followed Napoleon into Russia and died of pneumonia in Poland. John Hall Paxton (Yale 1922) escaped the Chinese Communists by making a 1,600-mile, ten-week caravan trek into India.

Next to come under scrutiny is the stereotype of the dim-witted diplomat. Joel Barlow bested the Barbary pirate. Park Wollam, in our own day, proved a good match for Raul Castro in the Cuban jungle. Robert Rossow uncovered the Russian military buildup in Azerbaijan. Walter Orebaugh turned guerrilla fighter in the Second World War.

Finally, the writers take on the legend that our diplomats huddle in glamorous capitals. Six of these nine stories carry the reader to outposts like Tabriz and Tihwa, where American consular officers must cope with dysentery and malaria as well as with slave traders and Communists. It is, in fact, the consular service that comes off best in these tales.

There is always the danger that in destroying one myth another may be created. Mr. Lisagor and Miss Higgins have not entirely avoided this trap. For their composite portrait of the Foreign Service man looks suspiciously like a more moral James Bond.

Sin Along the Seine

Witches' Sabbath, *by Maurice Sachs, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Stein & Day. 315 pp. $7.50), focusing on the author's own personality, tries to give tragic significance to a life dedicated to debauchery. Laurent LeSage is professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

WITH reference to life but not to works, you might call Maurice Sachs the poor man's Jean Genet. It is believed that he died in Germany in 1945, executed or assassinated by his fellow prisoners. If this is what finally happened to him, it would give his evil existence a certain moral conclusion and esthetic unity, perhaps even a certain stature—say that of *mauvais garçon* of the between-wars period.

We have his own account of thirty-three years of his life in *Witches' Sabbath,* delivered to the publishers in 1939, printed in 1946, but just now appearing in American translation. It is curious that this book was so long in reaching us. Surely the "unexpurgated autobiography" of an inveterate homosexual would sell, particularly one full of picaresque adventures and anecdotes about famous people.

From the solitary vices, mass orgies, and *amitiés particulières* of boarding school, young Sachs graduated to the more sophisticated perversions of post-war Paris. A stint in the army was like a return to school. Then back to Paris and debaucheries at public baths, one-night stands, at last an affair with an American boy that dragged on for several years as the two drank, made love, and starved together in flea-bag hotels.

All the while Sachs fitfully pursued the Muse. He had loved literature, he wistfully recalls, since that day in childhood when he chanced upon some of the works of Sade. But, despite the praise accorded by overgenerous critics to his several volumes of chronicles, his own writing never amounted to much. When he earned money, instead of begging, borrowing, or stealing it, it was by a fantastic variety of employments. In London he clerked in a bookstore; in Paris he ran a hotel. Responding to an attack of religious fervor, he entered a seminary to become a priest, but a holiday at Juan-les-Pins convinced him that he lacked a vocation.

Just as the stock market crashed in 1929, Sachs arrived in New York to manage an art gallery. Unable to sell any pictures, he turned to lecturing all over the United States on subjects he did not know. He married a minister's daughter and became Presbyterian. Soon, however, he deserted his bride and returned to Paris, taking the American boy with him.

He wrote from time to time during those rare intervals when sloth, alcoholism, or misery did not prevent him, but the success he dreamed of did not materialize. His failure was not for lack of contacts. René Blum had befriended him; Cocteau let him pay him court; Maritain fostered his conversion; Gide took him on as a secretary; Chanel gave him charge of her library; Pierre Fresnay commissioned him to write a play; Gallimard named him to the reading committee of the *Nouvelle Revue Française.* By way of thanks, Sachs put them all in his book.

With material like this, what, one may ask, would make publishers so reticent? Perhaps a feeling that as a relation of scandals, anecdotes, and adventures, Sachs's book is not first-rate. The author's focus is on his own personality, and his experiences are too fragmentary or too summary to be relished in themselves. As a portrait of a man, the book also seems second-rate—primarily because its subject is. Never a real author but merely a hanger-on in literary circles, Sachs cannot interest us as an artist. And his knavery or foolishness, expatiated upon with sniveling repentance, makes him more of a bore than a victim. With this book Maurice Sachs sought to give his life a tragic exemplary significance. Only his ignominious death may have accomplished that.

—Bettmann Archive.

"La Luxure," by Peter Brueghel

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A Few Months of Infinity

A Moment in Time, *by H. E. Bates (Farrar, Straus. 248 pp. $4.50), looks back on the Battle of Britain and the young men in blue who would never be old. Eric Moon was a wartime member of the RAF.*

By ERIC MOON

THE MOMENT in time that H. E. Bates has chosen to recall in this novel is that long interval of tragedy and heroism, now nearly a quarter of a century away, that the history books record as the Battle of Britain.

Elizabeth Cartwright and her grandmother, late survivors of the landed-gentry world of quiet elegance, find that world swept suddenly away as their 300-year-old family home is taken over by the Royal Air Force for an officers' mess. The grandmother—by far the most convincing character in the book—deals with, indeed dominates, the situation with her blend of salty humor, dogged courage, and natural wisdom. But Elizabeth, a sheltered nineteen, is whirled unprepared into the vortex of the madly death-gay world of young men in blue who would never be old. In a few lunatic months she grows up all too painfully fast, whizzing through hero-worship, recklessness, first love, marriage, and a close acquaintance with death, disaster, anguish, and bitterness—to a final cloudy glimmering that this really isn't life but only a compressed interval in it.

—Mark Gerson (Pix).

H. E. Bates—"nostalgia."

Bates, a wartime Squadron Leader, knows his RAF, and his young pilots speak the authentic, incomprehensible language, full of "wizard prangs" and "good shows" and "bad types." But the sophomoric idiom, the heavy British understatement, and even the frequent reminders of daily deaths by the dozen are not enough to capture the heroism, the tragedy, or the spirit of Churchill's gallant few. They emerge in Bates's pages sounding and looking like refugees from a boys' adventure magazine.

A long time ago, Bates wrote some fine novels and short stories of rural England, somewhat in the Hardy manner but without the master's depth and passion. From those he careered downhill to larking with the Larkins in a series of rural farces. But even these latter had the merit of a certain earthy humor.

Now he has reverted to the style and content of his wartime "Flying Officer X" stories, which were never among his best work but which, then, had topical appeal. *A Moment in Time,* however, is no more than a romantic, sentimental episode from the past. It does nothing to interpret that past or give it real meaning for the reader of today who was not there. Even with Bates's fluency, style, and readability, nostalgia is not enough. We must continue to mourn the absence of those qualities that made him one of the most interesting British writers of the Thirties and Forties.

The Cosmos in a Kitchen

Bright Day, Dark Runner, *by George Cuomo (Doubleday. 421 pp. $5.95), the self-told tale of an itinerant artist-cook, displays "the ease with which life can deal its ironic blows." Edward Hickman Brown is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN

IF THE popular notion that it is the second novel which separates the real writers from the dabblers and also-rans is valid, welcome George Cuomo to the select group. *Bright Day, Dark Runner* is a rambling and unorthodox book, larger than life and wacky on the surface, but serious and thoughtful at the core.

It is the self-told tale of J.I. Le Blanche, wandering artist-cook, the implacable foe of restaurant managers and food supervisors, absolute dictator of the kitchen, both guru and supreme example to young, aspiring culinary artists, and constant searcher after the meaning of life and its relationships and loves and hungers and deprivations.

In short, pointed chapters he tells of the events during a summer spent as first chef at The Mariner, a fashionable Cape Cod resort hotel, pausing from time to time to bring the reader up to date on his own previous history. This interweaving of the hilarious adventures of The Mariner's hired help and paying guests with the grim tragedy of Le Blanche's childhood and young manhood is sustained throughout the book. And it succeeds in creating a rounded, flesh-and-blood character, a compassionate and reasonable man who has achieved these qualities only by surviving the sufferings, hatreds, and conflicts of his own past.

Some years ago the British play *The Kitchen* (later made into an excellent film) clearly illustrated the dramatic possibilities of the insular domain of chefs, dishwashers, waiters, and waitresses. The Mariner's resort world, though broader, is sketched as vividly and serves as a wonderful backdrop for the author's examination of both the humorous and the tragic in that journey through the years we call a lifetime. In relating Le Blanche's peculiar parental history, the awful ending of his marriage, and his later relationship with his son, the ease with which life can deal its ironic blows is clearly shown. No respecter of institutional illusions, George Cuomo makes incisive judgments on such diverse facets of the American way of life as patriotism, unconscious prejudice, and eating habits.

This is by no means a perfect book. It is loosely organized, and the spacing of the flashbacks could probably have been improved. Also, Le Blanche is too frequently allowed to make self-conscious references to his own recording of the story. But these are minor faults; ultimately the novel succeeds in much more than the presentation of its major father/son guilt theme. This is in no

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small degree due to the author's wonderful ear for colloquialisms and skilful handling of dialogue.

Previously Mr. Cuomo had both a novel and a textbook to his credit. I have read neither, but hope that in the future he leaves the textbooks to the teachers and concentrates on the novels. For with the publication of *Bright Day, Dark Runner* he would appear to have taken that immeasurable step into the ranks of important authors. Read it!

Sorrows of Young Richard: Self-pity is evidently no longer a vice. For the sensitive writer, the sensitive adult recalling the emotions of childhood, it seems to have become the essential emotional scalpel, ideally fitted for the delicate job of digging out all those old wounds. After all, who is going to call you sensitive unless you keep showing how terrible are the denials and discoveries of childhood?

Well, so here is poor Richard, and here in Paul Horgan's *Things as They Are* (Farrar, Straus, $4.50) is his miserable little almanac. Given a comfortable home in the placid years of the early part of this century, given a compassionate and hard-working father, a pretty and loving mother, a doting if dour Irish maidservant, toy soldiers and cardboard castles, one would think Richard might have made out all right. Or anyway, better than the children who were laboring in the mines and factories in those days.

But no. *Everything* goes wrong. At an early age Richard drowns a kitten, and learns the meaning of guilt. He befriends a mentally-retarded playmate, and the child dies. An actor-uncle brings magic into his humdrum life, but then what does the uncle do? Commits suicide, of course. The police beat up a degenerate while Richard watches, and the boy learns the meaning of injustice. Grandfather goes back to Germany to die, and Richard doesn't understand this until the iceman's beloved horse falls dead in the street outside Richard's home.

And so it goes, from betrayal to betrayal, from one exquisitely recalled memory of disillusionment to another precisely detailed account of emotional treachery. Mr. Horgan is an expert writer, and we can smell that ocean liner which carried grandfather across the seas, the odor of the Catholic Church where Richard suffered (of course), and the scent of the Parma violets worn by the woman whose love marked the end of Richard's childhood.

Mr. Horgan tells us in an author's note that while this book may read like an autobiography (which it does) it is, in fact, a work of fiction. This is a cheering thought, for certainly whine maketh not glad the heart of man.

—Margaret Parton.

SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Archeology

Roman Britain. By I. A. Richmond. Barnes & Noble. $4.75.

Art

Decorative Art 1964-65. Edited by Ella Moody. Viking. $12.

Crime, Suspense

Osiris Died in Autumn. By Lee Langley. Doubleday. $3.50.

Three Times Three. Edited by Howard Haycraft and John Beecroft. Doubleday. $6.50.

Current Affairs

The New Equality. By Nat Hentoff. Viking. $4.50.

Readings on Taxation in Developing Countries. Edited by Richard Miller Bird and Oliver Oldman. Johns Hopkins. $8.95.

The Road to San Francisco: The Grand Old Party Picks Its Leader. By Robert Novak. Macmillan. $5.95.

Seeds of Destruction. By Thomas Merton. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.

To Be Equal. By Whitney H. Young. McGraw-Hill. $5.

The War on Poverty. By Hubert Humphrey. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

Essays

This Is Eric Sevareid. By Eric Sevareid. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

Fiction

The Deep Freeze Girls. By Eva Defago. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

A Flag Full of Stars. By Don Robertson. Putnam. $5.95.

Look Away, Look Away. By Ben Haas. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

Never No More: The Story of Rebecca Boone. By Shirley Seifert. Lippincott. $4.95.

Pistols for Two. By Georgette Heyer. Dutton. $3.95.

The Pond. By Robert Murphy. Dutton. $4.95.

Queens' Play. By Dorothy Dunnett. Putnam. $5.95.

May Wine on Brooklyn Heights. By Robert Leary. Random House. $3.95.

History

Agriculture in Western Europe. By Michael Tracy. Praeger. $10.

The Aztecs Under Spanish Rule: A History of the Indians of the Valley of Mexico, 1519-1810. By Charles Gibson. Stanford Univ. Press. $12.50.

The Fortress that Never Was. By Rodney Minott. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

Literary Criticism

American Social Fiction: James to Cozzens. By Michael Millgate. Barnes & Noble. $7.

Miscellany

Don't Bump the Glump. By Shel Silverstein. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Esp: A Personal Memoir. By Rosalind Heywood. Dutton. $4.50.

The Expectant Father. By George Schaefer, M.D., and Milton Zisowitz. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

The Fields of Noon. By Sheila Burnford. Little, Brown. $4.50.

Get the Best Medical Care for Your Family. By Richard H. Blum. Macmillan. $5.95.

Ladies' Home Journal Dessert Cookbook. Edited by Carol Truax. Doubleday. $4.95. Thumb indexed, $5.95.

Pakistan: Yesterday and Today. By Donald N. Wilber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

Sorry I Stirred It. By Bill Vaughan. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Personal History

For Every Tear a Victory. By Hartzell Spence. McGraw-Hill. $6.50.

The Mask of Merlin. By Donald McCormick. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.

Music on My Mind. By Willie The Lion Smith with George Hoefer. Doubleday. $4.95.

Poetry

The Very Thing That Happens. By Russell Edson. New Directions. Paperback, $1.60.

Reference

United States Government Organization Manual, 1964-65. By the General Services Administration. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. $1.75.

Who's Who in History, Vol. II: Tudor England. By C. R. N. Routh. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

Religion, Philosophy

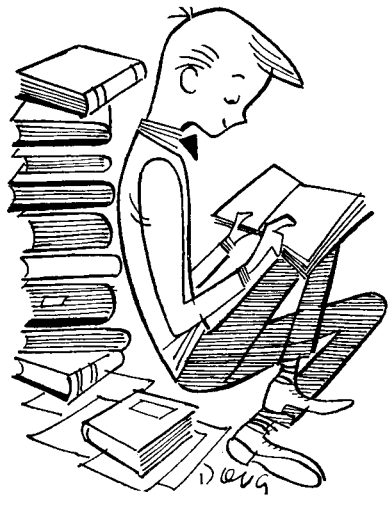
It's Better to Believe. By John Verdery. Evans-Lippincott. $4.50.

Philosophical Interrogations. By Sydney and Beatrice Rome. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.50.

Shakespeare

Garrick's Folly: The Stratford Jubilee of 1769. By Johanne M. Stochholm. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.



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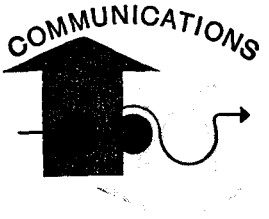
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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The New Potential of UHF

SINCE the first of May 1964, television in this country has begun to move down a new and exciting road as potentially dramatic and useful to the public welfare as any turning ever taken in the highly controversial and highly important broadcasting industry. Since May 1, all new TV sets sold in the U.S. have had to be able to receive adequately ultra high frequency (UHF) as well as very high frequency (VHF) channel broadcasting. Before May 1, most new TV sets had been able to bring in the standard broadcasting of VHF only, and even those with UHF outlets often had to use special adaptors. TV sets now being manufactured are "all channel" receivers, and the 1,900 channel assignments made possible by the Federal Communications Commission ruling of 1952 are beginning to mean something. Their implementation is bound to alter the broadcasting industry.

Fundamentally, the value of a UHF broadcasting station will have been immeasurably enhanced by the "all channel" TV receiver. Instead of having available only low-number VHF stations, all local areas now will find practical application for higher-channeled UHF outlets. The total number of TV stations, commercial and noncommercial, will quickly rise around large urban centers where a small but selective clientele makes possible a sort of national WQXR of television. The VHF-*plus*-UHF channel change in sets as well as availabilities is enormously important when you're talking about educational TV or programing of any sort above low-common-denominator network broadcasting.

Generally speaking, the required power of a TV station varies inversely with its channel number; that is to say, the lower the channel number the more effective is the range for a given kilowattage. Indeed, maximum effective power on VHF channels 2 to 6 need be only 100 kilowatts, while on VHF channels 7 to 13 the effective power must be 316 kilowatts, and on UHF channels 14 to 83 the effective power must be 5,000 kilowatts. As with radio stations, therefore, the lower you are on the dial the easier it is for the average set to be tuned in loud and clear and the wider your channel band. The upper reaches get crowded.

Now, suppose you want to apply for a UHF television channel. What are your chances of getting one? Well, here are the availabilities: As of now, there are 1,345 available commercial UHF channels (they are called "assigned" channels by the FCC). Of these 1,345 available commercial UHF channels, 151 have been authorized by the FCC; 90 of the 151 are on the air; and 61 are authorized but have not yet started broadcasting. In other words, about three-fifths of those authorized have already completed their engineering and building and are broadcasting on a regular basis, while about two-fifths are still putting the station together. This leaves approximately 1,100 UHF channels in the United States as yet unauthorized and available to any legitimate and acceptable broadcasting company in the commercial field.

How much does it cost to start a television station? There is, apparently, no rule of thumb on it. But you'd better have at least $1,000,000 for a UHF

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and several million for a VHF, over and above the fantastic cost of the legal fees necessary to win approval from the FCC. Electronic equipment comes awfully high, and you must also fulfil in advance certain programing requisites that extend well into the first year of broadcasting. Ten million dollars is by no means an exorbitant price for a VHF local channel sale from one owner to another. Naturally, it's more expensive to start a new commercial VHF station than a new commercial UHF station.

THIS report is not simply a package of statistics unrelated to the general welfare of the American people. No sensible person would dare to say how many millions of U.S. citizens know more about the world around them in the Year of Our Lord 1964 because of the fact of the telecasting of news. TV is the greatest force for public education and communication the world has ever seen—or it could be were it done more in the public interest and less with mass ratings in mind.

As we have suggested in these pages before, the next logical step is to widen the scope of electronic education, especially in the prime evening hours, through new TV channels as well as old.

As the newspaper traditionally opens its entire front page to public service, so should television, with its now greatly widened availabilities for broadcasting, now open its prime evening time to the public weal. With this in view, we suggest again that the TV networks and independent stations, old and new, in cooperation with the FCC, devote the full hours of 6 to 8 P.M. or 7 to 9 P.M. each weekday night entirely to public service programs—television that will instruct and educate in the best American mass tradition.

These public service programs around the dinner hour should include at least the following elements: headlines of the day in much greater depth, documentary films, courses in a foreign language, discussion of history and politics, top-level reports from government, pickups from all over the world, reading aloud of the classics, concerts and opera, and fundamentals in such neglected fields as mathematics and the sciences. The business of entertaining the American people could resume at 8 or 9 P.M., but television would by then have made a far greater contribution that day to the public interest. TV, whose franchise is given by the people (and can be removed or altered by them), could thus perform the greatest conceivable act of adult education, with the aid of the myriad new broadcasting outlets now available, and begin to assume that responsibility one expects of a grownup.

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Cigarettes and the FDA

IN HIS NOTE ON "The Cigarette Warning" [*SR*, July 11] Richard L. Tobin writes that ". . . it is unlikely that any government agency will ever force a manufacturer to spend good money on his packaging or in his advertising to condemn the very thing he has to sell."

The Food and Drug Administration *is* now requiring manufacturers of prescription drugs to do exactly this. Packaging, labeling, and any advertising that says what a drug is for must carry full prescribing information, giving equal prominence to all conceivable bad effects, no matter how unlikely. This has undoubtedly cost these manufacturers a lot of money. Incidentally, a lot of this information is thrown away by the druggist without being seen by anyone.

We, the general public, who need warning more than do the doctors who are flooded by this wasteful multiplication of material, aren't warned about the possible fatal effects of things commonly sold. It seems inconsistent. Is warning being applied to the wrong places?

WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL.

Riverton, N.J.

The Preprinted Insert

A RECENT INNOVATION in newspaper production, the full-color "preprint" insert, may prove the most important for the business office in a generation. It bids fair to reverse a downward trend in the share of national advertising expenditures that the newspapers get in competition with other advertising media.

Until recently the newspapers were able to use four-color process illustrations only in special sections printed well in advance of publication date on magazine presses, since high-speed newspaper presses were unable to do this close-register color work. For some years experiments had been conducted, both in Europe and the U.S., in printing one side of a roll of paper in full color in advance on an appropriate web press, rewinding the roll, then on publication date feeding it through the newspaper press. There the other side could be printed, and it could be combined with the other rolls of a regular daily edition in the folder as the newspaper came off the press. These experiments led to no practical application. The greatest problem was that stretching or shrinkage of the paper caused "creepage."

A growing demand for full color in metropolitan newspapers finally led to the development of an idea to sidestep one of the problems. This was the "wallpaper design" full-page advertisement, which used a continuous pattern, divided into a number of horizontal sections. On June 13, 1958, the New York *Herald Tribune* included in its regular edition the first four-color newspaper preprint insert in the U.S. carrying an advertisement of this kind.

As sales proved favorable, more and more advertisers became interested. Meanwhile, manufacturers of mechanical and electronic control equipment were working with European newspapers on the creepage problem. The first preprinted inserts with accurately registered cut-off pages were published in France in 1958.

In 1960 the New York *News* became the first newspaper in this country to install "insetter" equipment, and in October 1962 it started using "SpectaColor" preprint inserts on a regular commercial basis. Within a few months a dozen other dailies in various parts of the country had insetter equipment installed or on order. It is predicted that in 1964 full-color preprint inserts will bring something like $5,000,000 in advertising revenue to the newspapers.

P. W. STONE.

Port Washington, N.Y.

CAN YOU GIVE ME the name and address of the company that produces the SpectaColor process?

PAUL L. GARRIGAN.

Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Garrigan and others who inquired can obtain information from Preprint Company, 300 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.*

Objectionable Sex Advertising

Your editorial "Policing the Advertiser" [*SR*, July 11] is interesting and informative. It does not refer, however, to a type of advertising which, I am certain, is highly objectionable to a great many people but which, unfortunately, is widely accepted by newspapers of every class.

I refer to the advertisements for so-called adult movies and for books offering information on erotic sex practices. As to movie ads, to take one example, a recent issue of the Boston *Globe* prints ads which, in addition to what I consider indecent pictures, offer such "come-ons" as the following: "Sex-ridden best seller turns into lavish film"; "A startling frank exposure of morals"; "Bawdy as *Irma La Douce*." The warning "This is adult entertainment" is merely a euphemism for "This is a dirty picture." No effort is made, and none would be practical, to exclude juveniles; indeed, in a recent review of one of these pictures the *Globe* reviewer referred to "the giggles of the younger members of the audience."....

As to sex books offering secrets of "sexual satisfaction" and usually highly recommended by a flock of doctors or "psychologists," one need only look at the back pages of any issue of the Sunday book review section of The *New York Times*. These ads are a blatant appeal to the prurient-minded,

(*Continued on page* 49)

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Books with an International Accent

By CURTIS G. BENJAMIN

MANY centuries ago Epictetus cautioned that one should not be carried away by excitement. But what publisher worth his salt would try to restrain himself on hearing the news of the astonishing successes in international co-publishing that is being trumpeted around the book world today? Here, a report of an authoritative history of modern painting, printed in 150,000 copies in six languages. Here again, another report of a scholarly, lavishly illustrated history of civilization, being published in six expensive volumes, the first two of which were printed in 250,000 copies in ten languages. There, the news that such a work as a large and costly history of the papacy can be printed in 60,000 copies for co-publishers in seven countries. And just announced, plans for a new "world university library" of 100 well-illustrated volumes, currently scheduled for printing in at least seven languages and at least 80,000 copies of each volume.

From here, from there, from almost everywhere comes big exciting news of many remarkable successes in international publishing partnerships. So, Epictetus, a fig for thy ancient caution! And come, sweet international partner, let us waltz. Or perhaps a quadrille would be more to your taste—and to our mutual profit? In any case, *vamos al baile!*

I think it is right to say that art book publishers started the big wave of international co-editions. In fact, in the years since World War II, the most remarkable boom in the book world, next only to the boom in paperbacks, has been in art books, and this boom has placed the spotlight on international publishing. Indeed, art book publishers have set bold new patterns of truly international publishing—patterns that can serve anywhere for inspiration and guidance in many other areas of book production. Since art speaks for itself in an unspoken universal language, and since public interest in art is on the increase the world around, international opportunities for art book publishing should continue to widen steadily. For art books more than any other kind, certainly, allow marked advantages in the production of co-editions in different languages.

But art book publishing is not the only field in which international publishing of co-editions has boomed. The oversized, richly illustrated, and well-printed "picture" books on other subjects of more general interest—books of the kind that have been sarcastically labeled "coffee-table" books in the U.S.—have also been widely produced in multiple editions. There are those who say that this kind of nonliterary book has had its day, yet almost every month we see another international success in the genre.

A third category in which co-editions have gained in international popularity is the scholarly monographs on subjects of universal interest—small books, attractively designed and illustrated, well printed, and moderately priced for sale principally to students. For economy, these books usually are published in a series or a "library." Patently, there is nothing new about this kind of book in international co-editions; rather, their attraction to publishers has been more widely recognized in recent years: many more illustrations can be used; more color printing is possible; larger advances and royalties attract better authors generally, and the international scope attracts the world's best regardless of nationality and language; more attractive promotional material can be jointly produced at less cost. In short, the joint international effort results in a more authoritative, more attractive, less costly, and hence more salable book of a conventional kind.

Another kind of book that has always invited international co-publishing is the geographical work, the book in which color is important and for which base maps and other costly graphical and pictorial illustrations can be adapted, by clever planning, to several co-editions. Co-editions of atlases have long been familiar to all of us, but the co-publishing of textbooks and popular geographical works has become common practice only in recent years. The same can be said of guidebooks, of course, and here

"Please stand by, folks. The National Anthem has been mislaid."

This article is adapted from a paper prepared for the first Intercontinental American Book Exposition, held in Mexico City in June. The author is chairman of the board of the McGraw-Hill Book Company.

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again the series pattern is popular. In co-editions of all works of this kind, the difference in place names in different languages imposes a problem, but this can be minimized by careful editorial and production planning.

Another traditional area of international co-publishing that is on the rise is bilingual and polylingual dictionaries. Here the advantages are so obvious that they need no exposition. It should be observed, however, that the exploding importance of scientific and technical literature in all major languages has given this field a great lift. Even so, the large investment in time and money required for the production of a first-rate foreign-language dictionary continues to be a major problem for many publishers.

WHAT I have said, and refrained from saying, about polylingual dictionaries applies in large part to single-language dictionaries as well. Especially inviting to co-edition publishing are the so-called illustrated dictionaries and the large one-volume illustrated encyclopedias. These are being successfully co-published on many subjects and in many languages for expanding markets throughout the world. The same kind of co-publishing of multiple-volume encyclopedias has not been so often undertaken. In alphabetically arranged works of this kind the transposition of articles and accompanying illustrations from one volume to another under the requirements of different spellings in different languages can be difficult and costly. Such transposition is especially troublesome when editions in two or more languages are issued serially and simultaneously.

Finally, scientific, technical, and medical books can be named as categories in which co-publishing is on the increase. But this increase has been only moderate, because here language barriers are not so restrictive to international distribution as they are in other areas of publishing. Yet substantial advantages can be obtained through co-edition production of many books in these categories. Several types of large initial costs can be shared and profitably spread over two or more editions, such as those of computing and composing numerical tables, of hand composition of complicated equations and formulas, of graphical presentation of chemical compounds, of transposition from the metric system to the British or U.S. system of weights and measures, or vice versa. In medical publishing an international sharing of the high costs of professional drawings and photographs, and of plate-making and color printing, is often necessary to make a book profitable in any one-language market.

Now, a few words about how it is done. Co-editions usually are produced in one of two ways: either one publisher plans the production of a book on his own and then arranges other editions with one or more other publishers individually, or two or more publishers form a consortium at the start and collectively plan and produce two or more editions simultaneously. Where several languages and many markets are involved, the second method is to be preferred—in theory at least. Through a truly cooperative effort from the start, with each publisher having something to say about authorship, content, format, illustrations, and manufacturing specifications, it is more likely that each will have in the end a product well suited to his imprint and his markets. And each is more likely to enjoy fully the economic benefits that flow from simultaneous production of multiple editions.

There are, however, certain marked disadvantages in a completely cooperative venture undertaken by a consortium of equal partners. The most obvious of these is the amounts of time, energy, and expense required in the planning and contractual phases. Since book publishers are by nature highly individualistic (and some much more so than others in any group), the amounts of time, effort, and expense involved in reaching an agreement among several publishers can cancel a good part of the potential profit in the venture.

It goes without saying that the difficulties involved in a consortium increase sharply in proportion to the number of firms involved. So in one respect, the larger the number of partners, the more advantages; and in another respect, the more partners, the more disadvantages. What is here to be sought is the golden mean, the minimax point—the point at which the number of partners involved will provide the minimum of difficulty and the maximum of benefit.

In spite of the substantial advantages that are to be gained by full partnership in the consortium, some of the very best co-edition publishing on a wide international scale has resulted from the enterprise, ingenuity, and international knowledge of a single publisher. There are several great entrepreneurs in this business, of whom the most familiar to us in the U.S. are expatriate Continentals operating from London—and please note that I say *from* and not *in* London. Such men as these and a few other European publishers (they can be counted on the fingers of both hands) have the necessary knowledge and experience to plan and execute projects that are sufficiently universal and flexible to meet the needs of many markets in many languages.

These expert entrepreneurs usually deal individually with other publishers, one by one, and often they work in familiar patterns and with familiar firms on project after project. Naturally, this continuity inspires mutual confidence and eases the effort and strain of arranging each new deal. Much can be said in favor of these informal, continuing "partnership" relations. The one big disadvantage in them, of course, is the elimination of possible benefits from competitive interest in each new project.

I have already suggested the basic reasons for publishing co-editions: to spread costs, to reduce investments and risks, to increase sales, and thus, hopefully, to earn higher rates of profits on both invested capital and sales volume. All this is so obvious that I shall only add a few passing comments.

As for the spreading of initial editorial, composition, and plate costs, an ingenious entrepreneur often can do this so cleverly that they all but disappear from the expenses of his own edition. Indeed, I suspect that in some cases they are spread away completely, and this with little disadvantage to the co-publishers.

The reduction of each firm's investment and exposure to risk in a very costly venture often allows a small publisher to produce a kind of book that could not possibly be financed wholly by his firm. Indeed, a few international co-publishing ventures have been so large in terms of costs and risks that none of the world's largest firms would want to underwrite the total initial investment.

The sharing of translation costs is often desirable in the publication of English language co-editions of a specialized work translated from another language. Such sharing is common practice between British and U.S. houses, and usually one of the two partners (more often the British) produces both editions from the single English-language translation. And the two editions so produced usually are edited in only one language, that language being English-English and not Anglo-American-English. The U.S. publisher nearly always lets his British partner have his way in this matter. In doing so he likes to explain his deference by observing that we on this side of the Atlantic are not so stuffy about slight differences in spelling and usage.

THE mention of co-editions of English-language publications introduces another area of conflict between British and U.S. houses, and here the issue must be taken more seriously. This is the old and familiar and still troublesome problem of dividing world markets. Most of us are aware of the firmness of the traditional British position. It holds that the British Empire sales rights are whole and indivisible and inviolable. And the Empire here means not only the British Commonwealth of Nations, but also all the many colonies,

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protectorates, and territories that are or have recently been more or less under control of the British government—or to put it more flatly, the British Empire as it was in 1947. All this forms an aggregate market that is fictional yet sacred, and woe betide the Yankee publisher who wants a piece of it! And damned be the British publisher who gives a piece of it away!

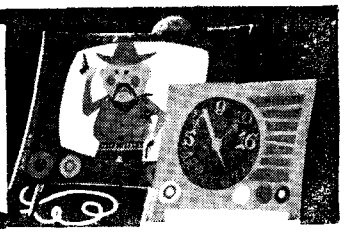
On our side we Yankees are, of course, much more reasonable. Many of us usually demand Canadian as well as U.S. sales rights, because we think we can more effectively sell and service Canadian markets. And since some of us think the same of Latin American markets, we frequently include them and demand total Western Hemisphere rights. Then a few of us are bold enough to claim that we can do better jobs in Japan and the Philippines and certain other Far Eastern countries. So we ask for them, too.

Another area where conflict of friendly interest can occur is in the pricing of co-editions, and this is especially true when two co-editions are published in one language. Obviously, a lower-priced British edition invites an amount of "buying around" that can be hurtful to a higher-priced U.S. edition. ("Buying around" is the book-trade term for the practice of importing, usually from a jobber, of a lower-priced, foreign-produced co-edition in preference to the higher-priced domestic edition. This practice clearly violates the co-publishers' territorial agreement, but it is most difficult to control.) This is especially so when the British edition has an earlier publication date. The easiest way to meet this problem is to have it agreed that both editions will bear the same equivalent price and be published simultaneously. But often the U.S. publisher, because of higher sales and distribution costs, will need a higher price than his British partner's. A good way to meet this situation, and also to anticipate later needs for repricing, is to have it agreed in advance that both editions will always be priced within a specified range.

As I have suggested, the question of timing of publication of co-editions can be important. Simultaneous publication of all editions is, again, the best solution. In cases where this is not possible, the problem can be partially overcome by agreement on a span of time in which all editions will appear.

In any case, problems or no problems, it is becoming increasingly clear that when publishers put their heads together to match their prospects, their plans, and their facilities, they invariably discover many exciting opportunities. If they do this regularly, they will be agreeably surprised, I think, by the success of their efforts. And so, incidentally, will their readers.

Audio/Video



The Candidate and the Broadcasters

ONE of the significant notes at the Republican National Convention, at least where television and radio were concerned, was the dramatic shift in the relationship between broadcasters and a major political party. The majority of the delegates, passionately pro-Goldwater, visited a torrent of hostility on the networks and the press at the instigation of General Dwight D. Eisenhower when, in his address to the convention, he expressed disdain of "sensation-seeking columnists and commentators." Delegates made unfriendly remarks to network reporters in hotel elevators and jostled them in the Cow Palace. John Chancellor of NBC was escorted from the floor by a policeman, under brief arrest. The convention managers, staunch Goldwater supporters, curtailed CBS coverage in retaliation for a broadcast from West Germany that was allegedly unfriendly to their candidate. The GOP organizers deliberately reduce national audiences of all three networks by scheduling important events in San Francisco at hours too late for most Eastern viewers and listeners.

By these and other actions, the Goldwater forces showed their scorn for the theory that the radio and television image of a candidate for the Presidency may be the decisive factor in his victory or defeat. They said, in effect, to the electronic media: "We don't need you; we don't want you; we can win without you, whatever treatment you give our nominee." In the past, both Democrats and Republicans have progressively modified convention rituals in an effort to please the networks and to reap the maximum benefits of broadcast exposure. The 1964 Republican Convention was a historic rupture in the *entente cordiale*.

The networks, none of which had anticipated the break, reacted on the whole with restraint and dignity. David Brinkley, probably expressing the thoughts of all his colleagues in the industry, said on the morning after Goldwater's acceptance speech that the reporters would continue to report as objectively as they could, while reserving their right to dissent. Historically, the major television and radio organizations have been middle-of-the-road in their political attitudes on the air, and right-wingers have therefore long felt that the networks have treated them unfairly in news and documentary programs. At the convention, with leaders like General Eisenhower and Senator Goldwater opening the door for the expression of their resentment, it poured out in mass emotion and with undisguised contempt.

The Republican Party will probably return to a policy of cooperation with the networks if Goldwater loses in November. But if he wins, the networks will face an unpredictable situation. He will have demonstrated that a candidate can affront the broadcasters and become President. The situation might then become disturbing. The networks could move to the right to stay in the mainstream of the national political majority, or they could become critics of a Goldwater Administration. In either case, the country would be in for something new and possibly dangerous in the interlaced worlds of broadcasting and politics. The idea of an extreme right-wing administration summons up frightening specters of mass-communications control.

A serious error that all three networks made in the convention coverage suggests how television could subtly shape attitudes. In the volatile moments after Goldwater finished his acceptance speech, the network camera pool director chose to superimpose a giant American flag over the Goldwater image. It was a "go-for-broke" director's climax, the roaring finale of a musical comedy. Pro-Goldwater viewers surely loved it; anti-Goldwater watchers may not have noticed; but neutrals, swept along by the show, were having their chauvinistic impulses played upon. Supering one camera image over another is a technical contrivance; it is not straight reporting. When its message is a loaded, emotional symbol—in this case the flag—it becomes an esthetic act, a commentary that focuses subjective values. As used at the Cow Palace, it tended to enhance the Goldwater image with the aura of devotion and authority given exclusively to the symbol. Whatever the motives of the director, it was an indefensible touch of electronic demagoguery that should send shivers down the back of every responsible broadcaster. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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WATCHDOG OF THE BRITISH PRESS

By HELEN NELSON

THERE are many codes of ethics for journalists in this country. Freshmen at schools of journalism spend almost as much time memorizing the local code as they do the local style book. None of the codes, however, has much more than inspirational value. There is nothing in this country to compare with the British Press Council, which, being British, has no written "code," but has, for eleven years now, been obtaining wide publicity for its censures of what it feels is misconduct by the press and has thereby been building up an influential body of what it calls "case law." (Although, of course, it isn't law at all, but only a record of its opinions.)

The Press Council didn't originate with the press. The idea must be credited to the First Royal Commission of the Press, which in 1949 issued a report recommending the establishment of a voluntary Press Council to hear complaints against newspapers and, when it was thought necessary, to rebuke them publicly.

At first there were howls of outrage from almost all sections of the press. There were, however, rumors (undoubtedly unfounded) that the Labor Government planned, if the press did not form a voluntary body of overseers, to set up a governmental one. Moreover, according to Sir Linton Andrews, then editor of the Yorkshire *Post*, who was to become an early chairman of the Press Council, it was becoming "painfully evident that public opinion was largely inflamed by the many complaints against journalistic conduct."

At any rate, by 1951, representatives from organizations of both London and provincial newspaper owners, managers, and editors, and from the National Union of Journalists and the Institute of Journalists were meeting to discuss draft propositions. In February 1953 one was agreed upon. It set up a Press Council composed of nominees or elected members from all the groups that had taken part in the discussions and following most of the recommendations of the Royal Commission except one: that it contain a lay chairman and that one-fifth of its members be from outside the profession. Its costs were to be paid by the organizations involved.

The Press Council met for the first time on July 21, 1953. Its first action was to rebuke the *Mirror*, the world's largest morning newspaper, for conducting a poll among its readers as to whether or not Princess Margaret should marry Group-Captain Peter Townsend. This was news, and popular news, too. According to George Murray, chief leader writer of the *Daily Mail* and chairman of the Council from 1959 to 1964, "the press realized with something of a shock that the Press Council had arrived."

Another of its early actions was more popular among working journalists. It was brought by Tom Hopkinson, a former editor of *Picture Post*, who had written a film review for the *Daily Sketch* that began: "This is not a great film." A member of the *Sketch* staff called Hopkinson to say the newspaper wished to make only one change: to omit the word "not." Hopkinson objected but said he would consent that the sentence be changed to read: "This is not a great film but it is a good one." He was given to understand that this change would be made and that it would be the only one.

When the article appeared, however, Hopkinson was dismayed to find, under his name, a paragraph containing what he felt to be "fulsome and undeserved compliments to the film's technical advisor—that is, to the wife of the editor who had commissioned the article."

The council censured the *Sketch*, and practically every morning newspaper including the *Sketch* gave considerable space to its statement. (The *Sketch* editor said he had instructed that Hopkinson's name be removed from the article when the offending paragraph was added.) Numerous other decisions defending theater and film critics from pressure from both editors and advertisers have also been widely publicized.

Not all its early decisions were popular, however. Accordingly to George Murray, the council was "called everything from a Star Chamber to a hollow turnip," but went on "quietly building up a volume of case law and also an influence then barely realized."

One "case law" decision is of particular interest to the large band of reporters in this country as well as in Great Britain, who, bearing no well-known name and hence no great influence, are called upon, far more often than the public realizes, to put their self-respect in jeopardy.

In 1958, in a provincial English town, a young man committed suicide because an affair with a married woman had ended. At the coroner's inquest, a witness gave the woman's name and address. None of the local papers carried her name in their news reports of the suicide. One editor, however, instructed a woman reporter to get an interview with the married woman. The reporter called on the woman, explaining that she was a reporter. The woman talked freely but at the end of the interview said she was anxious that no story be published because of the effect on her children.

The reporter turned in the story but asked the news editor to "put it on the spike" because of the woman's request and because the woman had recently received mental treatment. The newspaper carried the story including the name of the interviewee under the headline: "Mother of Six Trying to Forget." Subsequently the woman committed suicide.

A complaint was made by the local branch of the National Union of Journalists and the Press Council decided the newspaper "deserved the strongest censure."

(The author of this article once shared a press room with a reporter for one of America's five or six best newspapers and one having one of the strongest Guild contracts. My fellow reporter and I one day phoned in a report of the suicide of a woman—not a public figure—and accompanied it with the family's request that the woman's name not be printed because her mother was in an unstable mental condition. My editor agreed to the request. The other newspaper, however, carried a six-line item about the suicide. A few days later the mother also committed suicide.)

NOT all complaints to the British Press Council have been this serious. There was one concerning a woman reporter who had crashed a party given by the Duchess of Kent by hiding in the trunk compartment of a guest's car. Another said *The Queen*, in a feature story mentioning fourteen gynecologists by name, stated that one of the doctors offered his patients a stiff drink after a consultation. Rebukes were administered in both instances.

On the whole the council's judgments have met with more praise than criticism. But it has pulled its share of bloopers.

In its first report it stated, quite

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sensibly, that so far as "good taste" was concerned it was "much more concerned with fair play than with conformity with the fashion set by the best newspapers." In March 1960 it found, however, that the *News of the World*, the *Sunday Pictorial*, and the *People* had "sunk below the accepted levels of decency," the first two newspapers for relating sexual adventures of Diana Dors and her former husband, and the *People* for detailing the sex experiences of Errol Flynn.

Nobody, except the papers concerned, objected. But when, the following year, the Council, which then contained representatives from some of the previously mentioned newspapers, reprimanded the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, and the *Observer* for "publishing certain four-letter words mentioned in the *Lady Chatterley's Lover* trial", the council met with the severest criticism of its career. The *Spectator* reported that it had "strong grounds" for believing the initial complaint had come from *The News of the World* and commented (with reference to the highwayman in *The Beggar's Opera*) "That Jemmy Twitcher should 'peach me." The *New Statesman* muttered about "barroom pruriency." The *Observer* claimed the voting had been 6 to 3, with 12 abstentions. One member of the Press Council resigned.

A CAREFUL comparison of the council's membership with its decisions, reveals, however, that it has at least played fair according to its understanding. Certainly it has not been slow to reprimand newspapers whose editors or managers were members. That it is held in respect is attested to by the fact that almost all the big dailies and one, at least, of the respected weekly journals of opinion, the *Economist*, has had, or has now, a representative on it.

Probably the council's best work has been in defending reporters against the unethical demands of their editors on the one hand and unjust criticism from the public on the other. Although its record in this respect is not perfect, it has repeatedly found in favor of reporters and against pompous officials who would put their self-interest above the public's "right to know" and the reporter's wish to fulfill that right. The council also came out strongly against the jailing of the two reporters who refused to disclose their sources in the Vassall case.

It has condemned the identification of innocent relatives with persons found guilty of crimes and otherwise sought to protect private citizens. (Although some critics think its record in this respect has not been perfect.)

The late Arthur Christiansen, for many years editor of the *Express*, wrote of the Press Council in the *New Statesman* in 1961 that its "influence on press standards in recent years has been immense. The gossip columns, which a year or two ago were often as scandalous as the American *Confidential*, have been largely cleaned up. . . . Cases of intrusion into the privacy of the individual are noticeably fewer. . . ."

In May 1961 Francis Williams initiated a debate in the House of Lords that resulted in the second Royal Commission of the Press. The second commission reiterated the recommendation that the Press Council contain lay members and a lay chairman. It now does.

But Francis Williams, former editor of the *Herald*, although approving of most of the new council's decisions, found fault with two of them in his regular article, "Fleet Street," in the *New Statesman* of March 27, 1964.

One was a rebuke to the author of a humorous article about a machine called an Auto-Typist. The council agreed with the manufacturer that the article was "unethical" because its writer had not disclosed when he asked to see the machine that he intended to write a humorous article. (Actually he had not intended to do so.) Williams asked: "Is a reporter supposed to issue a warning wherever he goes: 'Remember I might laugh at you; be on your guard'?"

The other case raised "even wider issues." The *Daily Mail* published a report of a private conference of a civic body in Manchester into which its reporter had walked quite openly. The council said a newspaper should not encourage reporters to enter private meetings.

The *Guardian* and the *New Statesman* pointed out that in 1963 the then unreformed Press Council had ruled that the editor of the Wolverhampton *Express and Star* had been justified in reporting a private meeting of a local civic body. Francis Williams thought that "in this matter the unreformed Press Council showed a firmer grasp of principle than the reformed one is doing."

Whether it contains lay members or not, there seem to be some things a Press Council is unlikely to do. One is to prevent strikes. After the London newspaper strike of 1955 the Press Council said that it "was never formed with the intention of mediating between employers and employed."

FOR another thing (though in this I may be too pessimistic), it seems unlikely that a Press Council will be very effective when big stories such as the Profumo Affair and the Oswald case break. When events of this magnitude occur, what a reporter does is a matter for his own conscience and the police. The prospect of a distant censure by a Press Council is not going to weigh much with the reporter on the scene. (Although it may strengthen his spine when it comes to improper demands from his city desk.) Neither is a possible censure going to restrain a publisher from buying memoirs of call girls and convicted criminals if he thinks he is going to add millions to his circulation.

The Press Council has, however, succeeded better than almost anyone predicted in improving press coverage of day-to-day events. Similar bodies have now been formed in Holland and in West Germany. It seems it would be worth a try on at least a city or state level in this country. Although our press is, on the whole, better than the English press, it is often guilty of lapses and excesses like those that have brought censures from the British Press Council.

"Officer, you told us you were going to arrest them a half-hour ago."

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INTERVIEW AT GUNPOINT

By BURNS W. ROPER, *of the survey firm of Elmo Roper and Associates, in whose privately circularized "Public Pulse" this first appeared.*

WHEN I was breaking into the marketing and public opinion research business, one of my first assignments was on a crew job in Huntington, West Virginia, where we were making a community study of people's attitudes toward their local companies.

Near the end of a February day, I was far from the center of town. The paved streets had ended. Because I was almost in front of the last house in the street and dusk was falling, I decided to make an occupant of this house the subject of my last interview of the day. The house was not very prepossessing, and whatever it inspired was not confidence. But cross-section interviewing does not consist of striking up friendships with prosperous and affable strangers, so I mounted the steps and knocked on the door.

I had a sense of a sudden silence falling. A perceptible moment went by before anything at all happened, and then the door opened—a full three inches. A face appeared in the crack.

"Yeah?" The tone of the question made me wish I had a company of troops behind me. But I was alone. There was nothing to do but make the standard opening: "Good afternoon: I'm from Elmo Roper and Associates; we're doing a survey and I'd like to ask a few questions." The door very quietly closed, and through it I heard, "Some guy says he's makin' a survey." Something told me I would be safer to stand and face the door than to turn my back. I was not kept waiting long before I heard a voice say, "Let him in." This time the door swung wider, and the man who opened it said, "Come right on in."

This was certainly an invitation I could not now decline. As the door latch dropped into place behind me, I could see that the man who now took up a position between me and the door was wearing a shoulder holster. So were five other men in the room. It wasn't at all hard to verify this, because they gracefully and quietly formed a ring around me so that I faced the seventh man in the room. He did not wear a shoulder holster, but he was seated at a small table in the middle of the room, on which there lay a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver. He was, obviously, The Boss.

There are times when it is very hard to keep your mind on your work. My distractions now were that I seemed to be hearing a cracked phonograph record playing *Hearts and Flowers* while at the same time I was trying to remember the plot of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. But I was facing The Boss; I had said I would like to ask a few questions, and now, by heaven, I was being given my chance.

Among psychologists there is a phenomenon known as Automatic Speech; I think that must have been what came to my rescue now. The first question on my list happened to be, "As compared with six months ago, are you finding it harder or easier to make ends meet—or just about the same?" I heard my voice asking it. The Boss apparently considered this quite worthy of attention. He gave it obvious thought, keeping one eye on me while the other roved the ceiling. At length, he was ready to express an opinion: "Well, I guess jussa bouta same."

I thanked him, and moved to Question 2: "Do you think Huntington is a pleasanter place to live than other places you know or have heard about, just about the same as most places, or not as pleasant?"

BY the evidence of the Smith & Wesson .38 on the table between The Boss and me, there was social friction somewhere between The Boss and other groups of society, but The Boss was not going to be caught criticizing his host city. He expressed himself as completely satisfied with conditions in Huntington. As he did so, a door opened and a woman emerged from what must have been the kitchen. "What the hell is he doing here?" she demanded, to which The Boss replied: "Get back in the kitchen and shut up." Having noisily entered, the woman silently withdrew. The Boss returned his undivided attention to me.

THE next question on my list was: "Do you think an ambitious young man can find as good opportunities for jobs with a future right here in Huntington, or do you think he would find a better chance for advancement elsewhere?"

The Boss grew expansive. "Louie, you take that one," he commanded. By now I was convinced that my salvation lay in playing my role absolutely straight, so I explained to The Boss that that would be a violation of proper interviewing principles: that one person must answer all the questions. The Boss, whatever his dissent from some of our specialized societal conventions, had essentially a good mind; he got the point, rescinded his order to Louie, and answered the question himself.

The Boss answered all the questions that followed, clearly and succinctly. He was not The Boss for nothing. When it was over, I thanked The Boss with that extra touch of politeness we try to impress on all Roper interviewers and turned to go. The Boss's henchmen moved instantly to block me from the door, but The Boss dissolved them with one command: "Leave him go." I went.

When, that evening, I got back to that part of Huntington where the hard pavements and the bright lights are, I took two tranquilizers from an obliging bartender, and a moderate tremor that had been afflicting my right hand disappeared. Wonderful, these miracle drugs. If you want to know who The Boss was or what misunderstanding the .38 Smith & Wesson was intended to correct, you'll have to ask somebody else; I only ask the questions on the questionnaire. I believe the cobbler should stick to his last—and my last, that evening, was interviewing. And I had had the satisfaction of being able to add one more usable interview to my quota. I attribute my life to my quick thinking in never having told this story before. It happened in 1947.

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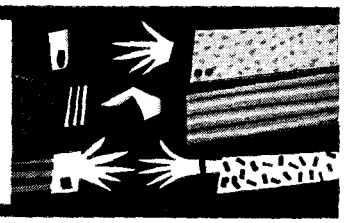
Public Relations



The Art of Fund-Raising

PRIVATE giving to good causes is more prevalent in this country than anywhere else. Indeed, the extent and growth of this kind of giving to religious, educational, health, welfare, and cultural purposes in the USA are not often realized. But a pair of figures tell an amazing story. In 1954, $5.4 billion was donated to public causes in private giving. In 1963, just over $10 billion was contributed.

Vast as these sums are, however, private organizations are so numerous and their need is so great that an important counterpart to giving has of necessity developed: that of fund-raising. Universities and colleges, hospitals, churches, and welfare agencies have grown so fast that their demand for private contributions has expanded immensely. Presidents of universities, college deans, hospital administrators, heads of religious organizations, and directors of health bodies have all become more and more involved in raising money to carry on and expand their work. As a result a new breed has grown up—the professional fund-raising counsel.

Such men and their organizations are distinct from those on the staffs of, say, universities or hospitals. They are retained for special fund-raising campaigns that have definite objectives. And they have so developed their business that the finest colleges and hospitals, the most reputable and established universities have retained their services.

Since the American public is so generous with its gifts, slick operators have got into the fund-raising act. But there is an important sector, largely members of the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, that is recognized as doing a solid, ethical, effective job. In 1935, nine fund-raising firms formed the association. Today there are twenty-seven member-firms across the country. The client list of these fund-raising firms includes nearly 90 per cent of the professionally managed fund programs that use outside counsel.

Keystone of the AAFRC is its fair practice code. Business is done only on the basis of a specified fee, which is determined before a program begins. There is no percentage or commission on the sums raised. The executive head of the member organization must have at least a six-year record of continuous experience as a professional in fund-raising. Exaggerating claims of past performance, guaranteeing results, or promising to raise unobtainable sums is forbidden, nor may payment of any kind be made to members of a philanthropic agency or institution for influence in hiring fund-raising counsel.

A look at two firms in the AAFRC suggests how fund-raising counsel operates. One of them works largely in the field of education, the other solely in the hospital area.

The first, Marts & Lundy, was incorporated in 1926 in New York State and is the outgrowth of an older company founded in 1919. A. C. Marts, now chairman of the board (he was president from 1928 to 1956), is a former president of Bucknell University. George E. Lundy, former general secretary of the Canton, Ohio, YMCA and a founder of the company, first came into national notice in fund-raising when he was appointed director for the eastern Ohio area of a number of national funds during World War I. The current president, Austin V. McClain, began his fund-raising career more than thirty years ago and is considered one of the leading educational fund-raisers in the nation.

One of this firm's earliest major campaigns, at a time when it had a total staff of six, was for $15,000,000 for the Presbyterian Pension Fund, led by the late Will H. Hays as chairman and Andrew W. Mellon as treasurer. Now Marts & Lundy has a full-time staff of fifty-five professionals, including campaign directors, staff writers, and surveyors.

The largest proportion of the firm's service is for higher education. Its clients have included universities, colleges, junior colleges, seminaries, among them Brown University, Dartmouth College, Lehigh University, Yale Law School, and the United Negro College Fund. Moreover, it is probably the foremost fund-raiser in secondary education. Clients in this category include Hotchkiss, Hill, Emma Willard, Ethel Walker, Groton, Lawrenceville, and Taft. It has also worked in major capital campaigns for medical schools and theological schools and has served more than 500 local churches of fifteen denominations in building campaigns. Some churches have used the company's direction for as many as five separate campaigns.

Before undertaking any service for a client, Marts & Lundy makes a thorough study of the institution's constituency, needs, and potential leadership. Interviews in depth, often as many as seventy-five of them, are undertaken with probable supporters before any decision to go forward is made. The firm charges a flat fee for such a survey and will advise against a campaign or suggest postponement for a year or more until weak factors can be corrected or strengthened. If, however, the decision is to go ahead, the firm directs the campaign, assigns a full-time resident director who moves into the institution, and sets up an office to organize the campaign. The monthly fee is the same, then, whether the campaign goal is $100,000 or $1,000,000, since the service to each client is the same—the time and experience provided. In addition to the monthly fee, the client pays directly the cost of secretarial help, postage, equipment, printing, meetings, dinners, and other functions incidental to the campaign.

THE leading fund-raising organization for hospitals, Will, Folsom and Smith, was formed in 1919. Its present head, Raleigh L. Smith, son of one of the founders, prepared himself for fund-raising in the hospital field by completing the graduate course in hospital administration at Columbia University, took his administrative residency at Hartford Hospital in Connecticut, and for two years was the assistant administrator at the Hospital Center at Orange, New Jersey. For the past eight years he has lectured on capital finance in the hospital administration courses at Columbia and Yale.

Will, Folsom and Smith's professional staff totals thirty, including directors, associate directors, art and publicity department people, and those in technical services. Its work is devoted primarily to capital funds, nearly always for building purposes. The extent of the company's work can be gauged by these facts: 409 hospital capital funds have been directed in which $380 million has been contributed (not including $90,000,000 in federal grants for which 170 of the firm's clients have qualified as a result of their building fund campaigns).

Will, Folsom and Smith charges a fixed fee for counsel and services costs. The fee, of course, is not contingent on the outcome of the campaign.

Firms such as Marts & Lundy and Will, Folsom and Smith are being called on more and more by those institutions to which fund-raising is essential for survival. They not only perform a first-rate service but are vital factors in the whole field of private charity.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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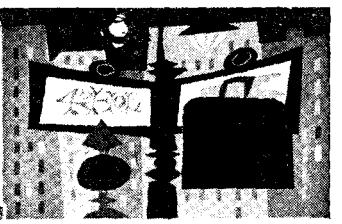
Madison Avenue



Frankenstein in Ad Alley

By JOSEPH KASELOW, *advertising news columnist of the New York Herald Tribune.*

A SORT of Dr. Frankenstein drama is being enacted these days in the advertising business. A creature created by advertising men is, in their view, now trying to destroy them. And in the process it may, in effect, destroy itself.

The creature is found in the person of Paul Rand Dixon, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, a rather handsome, gray-thatched, non-Karloffian figure.

Mr. Dixon came in with the Kennedy Administration along with Newton ("Vast Wasteland") Minow, late of the Federal Communications Commission, and the unfortunate James M. Landis, who, as a special assistant to the President, apparently was supposed to make certain that the regulatory agencies were tough enough.

This trio proceeded to scare the bejabbers out of the advertising and broadcasting business. Mr. Dixon, in particular, gave the advertising business the jitters. He kept insisting that all he was interested in was making the free enterprise system work as it was intended. Even if he kills us, advertising men would add.

What particularly bothered the advertising people were his plans for expanding the commission's power. Mr. Dixon was aware that by the time many of its efforts to halt objectionable advertising campaigns got to court, the campaigns already had run their course. Hence he wanted injunctive powers to halt a campaign as soon as it had been cited by the commission.

Advertising industry spokesmen screamed like banshees over this—and with good reason. It costs thousands, sometimes millions, of dollars to get a product to market, and all that could go down the drain while the commission noodled around in court. And in the case of seasonal items, such powers in the hands of the commission could bankrupt a company.

Little wonder, then, that advertising men were like galley slaves awaiting the lash whenever the Terrible Trio came to address one of their meetings.

Then an interesting change took place. About a year ago it became apparent that advertising men were no longer taking it lying down. At meetings where the commissioners were present, and in debates with them, advertising spokesmen took off their gloves and let them have it. One who has listened to the sound of bombast for many years develops an ear for sham. This had a genuine ring.

Perhaps the change was the result of desperation, or perhaps they were emboldened by the support of some Congressmen. Representative Walter Rogers of Texas, chairman of the House subcommittee on communications and power, charged that a "certain mal ciousness" had crept into the feder regulatory agencies and that they wer inventing "new and different ways" broadening their scope. Even Presider Johnson and Senator Hubert Humphre had criticized the agencies.

Last February, at a meeting attende by Mr. Dixon and E. William Henry current FCC chairman, Arthur C. Fat chairman of Grey Advertising, Inc., ha this to say: "We are against those [ac vertisers] who violate or sidestep th rules of the game. But we ask tha these rules be administered with wi dom, with understanding, with know edge of the dynamics of the mar.. place and not with an attitude of th country constable concealed in a spee trap hoping that some unwary motori falls into it."

Was Mr. Dixon cowed by thes attacks?

Not that you'd notice. In the mid of all this he has come up with tw rulings that, in the eyes of advertisin men, have never been surpassed f sheer gall.

The first was the famous Procter Gamble-Clorox case in which he sa the P&G must divest itself of Clor because the vast amount of advertisin dollars it could put behind the produ would be unfair to competitors. Th was one part of a complex proceedin but advertising men saw it as anoth indication of commission antagonism their trade. It's being fought now.

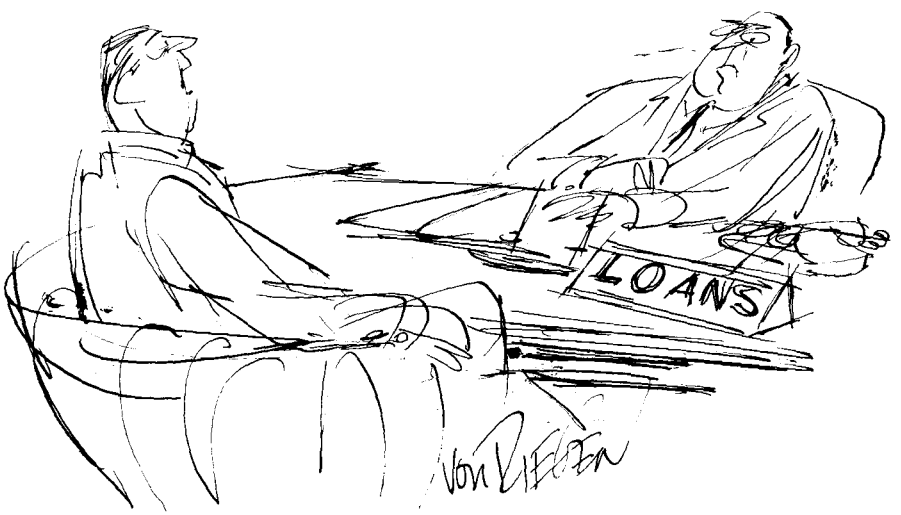
Then, of course, came the big one the ruling that cigarette manufacture would have to include in their adverti ing and on cigarette packs a warnin that cigarette smoking could cause fat diseases.

For this one, Mr. Dixon has broug down on his head brickbats from Co gress and the advertising people wh feel he has far overstepped his powe and is, in fact, not legally empower to require advertisers to put damagi statements on their packages. As t Association of National Advertise counsel put it, "Enactment of requi ments for affirmative disclosures of (t nature . . . does not lie within the leg authority of the commission." Whetl cigarettes cause cancer is a medi question; advertisers are fighting esta lishment of an advertising precedent.

Just about every corporate lawy involved in the situation says the co mission, under the FTC Act, does n have this power.

But Mr. Dixon says it does. As told the House committee studying t matter, "Look, I'm an intelligent ma Do you think I would reach out and gr a $9 billion problem? I've sworn to u hold the law, and I will not turn my ba on it."

One advertising counsel pointed



"Frankly, I don't know what I need the money for. In theory, I make more than enough."

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at this situation has been brewing for ree or four years. He noted that the ommission has been leading up to this ove for quite a while. In the case of lvertisers of hair restorers, the manucturers have been required to state in eir advertising that the products can helpful to people losing their hair ovided they do not have hereditary ldness. That wouldn't be too bad in self, but they also have to state the ist majority of cases of baldness stems om heredity.

This ruling has been upheld in the urts.

While this might set some kind of ecedent for "affirmative disclosure," e advertising attorneys feel that in the garette advertising case the commission as gone far beyond its true powers. As e lawyer said, "The commission has retched the frontiers quite a bit."

Well, then, what was this about rankenstein?

Few people outside the advertising usiness are aware that the FTC was in ct inspired by the advertising business. he Advertising Federation of America as founded in 1905 on the concept of romoting truth in advertising. AFA adertising clubs during the next decade rganized "vigilante" committees to hunt own untruthful and deceptive adversers. These committees eventually beame the Better Business Bureaus. Then 1916 the AFA petitioned President Voodrow Wilson to establish the Fedral Trade Commission to, as the AFA ut it, "lend the weight of government uthority to the crusade for consumer rotection."

Hence it is advertising's own creation hat is now turning on it.

Then how might this creature, in ffect, destroy itself?

The last thing the advertising busiess would want to see is the abolition f the FTC. But its present course under Chairman Dixon, arousing, as it has, trong governmental and business opposition, is bound to bring with it a larification of the powers of the commission. Judging by the tenor of Conessional reaction to date, there would eem to be a good chance that the ommission would get its wings clipped. For one thing, the advertising forces ave become a lot more militant than hey have been, and an organization ike the AFA, with branches stretchng all over the country, is becoming nore and more active on the political ome fronts. Advertising men are voters, oo.

And they undoubtedly will sound off vigorously about the precedent set by the cigarette case.

After all, it is a bit more drastic than calling down an advertiser for using shaving cream instead of whipped cream in a commercial.

As It Happens

Those against topless swim suits won't face reality.

Pop art's not new. Americans have always framed Sunday roto pictures.

Edgar Bergen's daughter earns $450 a week modeling. She's no dummy.

The Face on the Cutting Room Floor claims censorship is reactionary, provincial, stupid, and excellent publicity.

Thirty states will oblige the IRS and compare your state income tax return with your federal. Macy's *doesn't* tell Gimbel's?

Ten-gallon hat manufacturers for Johnson! Horn-rimmed eyeglass manufacturers for Goldwater!

It's said man's driven by money, power, and sex. Get enough of the first, the others are easy.

I. Miller has alligator shoes for $350. You'd have to wrestle one for a month to make that much.

The man who said "Love is for fools" was one.

Senator Goldwater won undergraduate support for attacking all handouts. Except allowances.

Overheard: "I'm liberal as the next fellow, but I still won't take my wife to a Bergman movie."

A woman who reveals her true age is older.

When a wise man gets out of the wrong side of the bed, he gets back in.

—Fred Sparks.

'64

from this day on, Audiotape will have a new formula. A formula unmatched by any other magnetic tape. Greater uniformity. Greater sensitivity. Greater durability. Greater clarity. Greater range. Hearing is Believing. Try a reel of today's most remarkable tape. New Audiotape!

AUDIO DEVICES, INC., 235 East 42 Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

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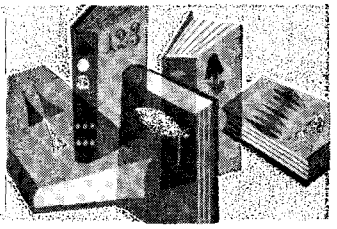
Books in Communications



The Little Magazine That Could

ONE DAY in 1960 a Yale sophomore named Sherman B. Chickering decided he was fed up. His studies seemed purposeless, the intellectual life had turned strangely sterile, and the problem of choosing a career was so baffling as to give him the shudders. There was, he reasoned, only one sensible thing to do: quit Yale and join the French Foreign Legion.

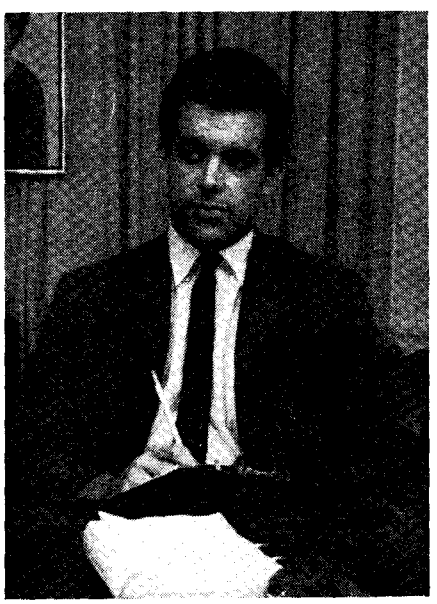
He went so far as to apply to the Foreign Legion, but then, as he put it not long ago, "The Algerian War began to get hot and I decided I wasn't that much of a hero." He managed to extricate himself from the French and settled down, none too enthusiastically, to the routine at Yale. "Those questions kept rattling around in my mind," says Chickering. "I wanted to know what the purpose of college was and how it related to a career."

Gradually, as he mentioned his questions to friends, he realized that he was not alone in his bewilderment. In fact, just about everyone he talked with seemed to be bothered by the same sort of questions. What were they doing at college? What was their connection with the big issues of the day? What could they do after graduation that would have some meaning beyond mere money? By this time an idea had begun to form in Chickering's mind. He dispatched 1,800 questionnaires to students all over the country. The eventual result was the publication, in May 1962, of a twenty-eight-page magazine called *The Moderator,* designed, as it said in Volume I, Number 1, "to present the values and ideals of the college generation." In the five issues since, *The Moderator* has grown into a full-fledged quarterly, has signed up 175 volunteer campus correspondents, has climbed to a total circulation of 30,000, and has given readers some of the most penetrating assessments of student attitudes available anywhere. The most recent issue, for example, carries articles on the nominating conventions (a student poll showed Nixon the GOP's front runner), on Governor Scranton as a columnist for the Yale *Daily News* in the late Thirties (". . . he committed some views to paper which he'd just as soon forget"), on city government as a career, on the Beatles, and on a spate of other subjects from overseas study to the civil rights movement in Mississippi. Almost all of it is slickly written, cleanly edited, and as readable as anything on the newsstands.

Chickering is not exactly a newcomer to journalism and journalists. His father, William H. Chickering, was a wartime correspondent in the Pacific for *Time* and *Life* until his death on the battleship *New Mexico* in 1945. And in the summer of 1960 young Chickering landed a job as a copy boy at *Time*, where, he says, "I bounced some of these ideas off the editors." It was at about that time that the central focus of *The Moderator* began to take shape.

"We're trying to be a service magazine," says Chickering. "There are always decisions students have to make. The Student Council is often just sandbox politics—it doesn't really have a voice in the educational process. We're trying to honor the people who can relate education to what happens afterward. We hope to document and promote ways in which students can move out of the classroom meaningfully."

The Moderator is published in the basement of a New Haven rooming house, where Chickering (who is listed on the masthead as chairman) and a '63 Yale graduate named Richard W. Lapedes (listed as publisher) live in converted darkrooms. Other staff members, among them editor William Jones (Yale '64), show up during the day and a often at work so late at night th on at least one occasion local poli dropped by to see what was up. T operation is kept deliberately fruga an executive secretary and a steno rapher are the only salaried worker since Chickering says he hopes to ho *The Moderator's* launching costs und $1,000,000. "Everybody tells you it tak $1,000,000 and five years to get a n tional magazine started today," he say "Well, I think we're going to be the on magazine in the Fifties and Sixties violate that rule." By keeping salari either low or nonexistent and by parin operating expenses, *The Moderator* managed to put out each issue t about $6,000. The money has come fro advertising, from friends and relative and from investments by staff membe Chickering is, in fact, so confident th the idea behind his magazine is sou that he and Lapedes alone poured son $30,000 into it last year, and Chickerin spends much of his time trying to infe others with his enthusiasm. A measu of his success lies in the fact that t magazine is now in the process of mo ing to Philadelphia, where it will mal its headquarters in a three-story brow stone. There, supported by scholarsh funds they have raised, six staff me bers, including Chickering, Lapede and Jones, will study part-time at t Annenberg School of Communicatio a graduate school of the University Pennsylvania.



Sherman B. Chickering—out of the cellar.

This brush with affluence is not like to slow down *The Moderator's* pace make it turn fat and lazy. Chickerin and his associates are now working expanding sales outlets from their pre ent 270 college bookstores to an anti pated 400 by this fall.* They a dispatching questionnaires to their ca pus correspondents at a steady rate one each week (now in the works a articles on the Peace Corps, Neg education, and careers in medicine, a vertising, and business). And there a always new correspondents to sign u advertisers to be wooed, and artic ideas to be developed, not to men the unique problem of what to do abo a readership that, as inevitably as gra uation follows the senior year, shrin abruptly every spring.

But Chickering, now all of twent three years old, is sure he can ov come the problems. "The butcher, t baker, and the candlestick maker have magazines to serve their particul needs," he says. "But until we ca along college students were an unse iced constituency. That's one big re son this idea is working."

—JAMES F. FIXX.

*Those beyond the range of a college bookstore subscribe to *The Moderator* by writing to 1911 Y Station, New Haven, Connecticut. Rates are $1.30 one year, $2.50 for two years.

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HIGHER EDUCATION IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

One of our national assets is our supply of highly educated people. From these ranks come America's leaders.

But higher education is *everybody's* business. The caliber of our leaders and the quality of our ideas govern our progress in science, industry, living standards and world affairs.

Today higher education is facing a crucial test. There are college shortages and, even now, some colleges are overcrowded. In ten years applicants will double.

It would be a sad outcome if 'merica should fall behind because it had been negligent in developing ideas and leaders! College is America's best friend. So give to the college of your choice—help it to further America's future.

If you want to know what the college crisis means to you, write for a free booklet to: HIGHER EDUCATION, Box 36, Times Square Station, New York 36, N.Y.

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council and the Council for Financial Aid to Education.

Communications Letters

Continued from page 38

of whom there seems to be an astonishingly large number. They used to offer to mail these books in "plain wrapping." That is evidently not considered necessary any more.

I want to emphasize that I am not expressing any opinion about whether such movies and books should be shown or published at all. That is quite another question. I am speaking only about the methods of advertising and their acceptance by otherwise respectable elements of the press.

J. B. MACLEAN.

Yarmouth Port, Mass.

YOUR EDITORIAL "Policing the Advertiser," commendable as it is, leaves vast areas of half-truths and blatant misrepresentation that no amount of self-regulation can possibly weed out.

The ads I have in mind are those that promise to stop falling hair within ten weeks; those that urge the family to purchase a cemetery plot now; and those that say the value of something is $25 when the discount price is $8.

Prior to the demise of the "list price," a consumer went to the discount store and knew that there was a set discount on appliances. Today there is no such thing as list price; instead, "comparable price" is the tag that has supplanted "list price." However, I question, compared to what?

My sister just purchased a pair of shoes from one of the large department stores. The shoes were imported from Portugal and the tag read $25. My sister paid $8. I seriously doubt that there is a pair of shoes in Portugal that sells for $25. I do think that the price tag is a case of misrepresentation. The consumer purchases the article, feeling that he has a "bargain." Actually, they have not purchased a "buy" but have merely paid a fair price.

I believe that self-regulation, though a fine thing in principle, cannot possibly help the consumer. What is needed is an agency to supervise ads that obviously misrepresent so that the consumer at least has a fair chance when purchasing.

GUS WEXLER.

New York, N.Y.

Worth Reprinting

CHEERS FOR WILBUR CROSS and his "Publishing the Corporate Book" [*SR*, July 11]. Countless forceful, worthwhile stories are locked up in the achievements of American business and business leaders—stories that will be effectively told only when creative skill and imaginative scope are applied in the telling. As a writer with some scars from battering the shortsighted but firmly entrenched company notion that such a book must be one long, hard-sell commercial, I recognize the Cross article as powerful ammunition. Is it possible to get reprints or permission to reprint?

LAWRENCE L. GOLDMAN.

Van Nuys, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As mentioned before in these columns, reprints or permission to reprint must be arranged through Mrs. Ivy Dodd, c/o SR, whose new address is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.*

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

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MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

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FOYLES FAMOUS BOOKSHOP. New, secondhand and rare books at low English prices. Stock of over 4 million volumes. You may pay by check in dollars. W. & G. Foyle, 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London W.C.2, England.

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THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, NY. We pay postage.

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"THE INGREDIENTS OF SUCCESS" can change your life. $3.00. Aim, 2022 Robin Lane, Garland, Texas.

SELL US YOUR OLD BOOKS! Free estimates. Explore new horizons in our Catalogue of Fine Books. 15¢. Columbia Booksellers, Box 7046, Washington, D.C. 20032.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

FREE CATALOGUES, PAPERBACKS, etc. New York Book and Record Club, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 21, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

(Continued on page 50)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 49)

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—*Many beautiful designs.* Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

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FROM STOCK! Good Books—At Fair Prices—with Quick Service. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio 43609.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Your satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

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CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. *Free experienced* service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS to *German, Austrian, Swiss magazines* make thoughtful gifts. Request catalogue. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, NYC 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

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SENT ON APPROVAL! Complete your collection with *the scenes you missed. Select from thousands of colorful* 35 mm slides from 98 countries and official New York World's Fair slides* (sold individually) — 8 & 16 mm movies also available — all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it — restricted interiors — Holy Land narrations with new slides — Oberammergau 1960 — Tahiti — exciting peoples of the Far East! *Send 25¢ for the big 88 page, 8th edition Wolfe Catalogue* of Hi-Fi slides in true, living color. For more than 13 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 784-A, Los Angeles 90025. *Distributed in association with Photo Lab, Inc., Official Licensee, New York World's Fair 1964-1965.

ART

SIGNED ORIGINAL MODERN Abstract Paintings! 8" x 10", beautifully framed, $5.00; 3 for $12.00, returnable. Vanguard Gallery, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, California.

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LEWIS-WADHAMS SCHOOL—Summerhill-inspired; coed; boarding; ages 6-17. Initial enrollment 12 years or under. Commencing September 18th. Write H. Snitzer, R.D., Westport, N.Y.

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U. Compelling attention.	103 133 199 123 3 95 71 161 80
V. Lessen	188 41 194 90 6 87 159 13
W. Cherished aim of many a suburban householder in summer (2 wds.).	64 138 132 33 112 184 10 119 94
X. Portion of a country, separated from the main part and surrounded by politically alien territory, as regards its position with respect to its own country.	181 107 191 67 1 156 57

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

					1 X	2 Q		3 U	4 Q	5 O	6 V	7 E	_	8 G	9 R	10 W	11 H
	12 C	13 V	14 D	15 O	16 I	17 Q		18 B		19 M	20 S	21 A	22 J	23 I	24 C	25 G	
26 T	27 A	28 J		29 T	30 K		31 L	32 G	33 W	34 D	35 B	36 Q		37 R	38 F	39 A	40 I
41 V	42 L	43 J	44 B	45 Q	46 M	47 S	48 H		49 C	50 A	51 G	52 I		53 E	54 B	55 F	56 S
57 X		58 T	59 J	60 N	61 C	62 F	63 K		64 W	65 H	66 K	67 X	68 D	69 T	70 E	71 U	72 R
	73 N	74 R	75 L		76 F	77 S	78 Q	79 E		80 U	81 C	82 L	83 H		84 B	85 M	86 G
87 V	88 F		89 R	90 V	91 S		92 E	93 N	94 W	95 U		96 E	97 M	98 I	99 K	100 B	101 P
102 C		103 U	104 O		105 D	106 K	107 X	108 L	109 S	110 P	111 T	_	112 W	113 B	114 A	115 I	116 E
	117 A	118 J		119 W	120 M	121 B		122 O	123 U	124 M		125 N	126 P	127 R	128 J	129 D	
130 A	131 R	132 W	133 U	134 T	135 H	136 C		137 M	138 W	139 K	140 H	141 G		142 L	143 G	144 P	
145 K	146 D	147 T	148 C		149 O	150 D	151 H	152 M	153 G	154 S		155 E	156 X	157 D	158 T		159 V
160 T	161 U	162 G	163 O		164 J	165 F		166 F	167 H	168 K	169 L		170 N	171 O		172 N	173 L
174 S		175 O	176 F	177 K	178 A	179 R		180 S	181 X		182 P	183 I	184 W	185 B	186 C	187 O	188 V
	189 T	190 A		191 X	192 I	193 J	194 V	195 L	196 N	197 O	198 K	199 U					

Solution to last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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